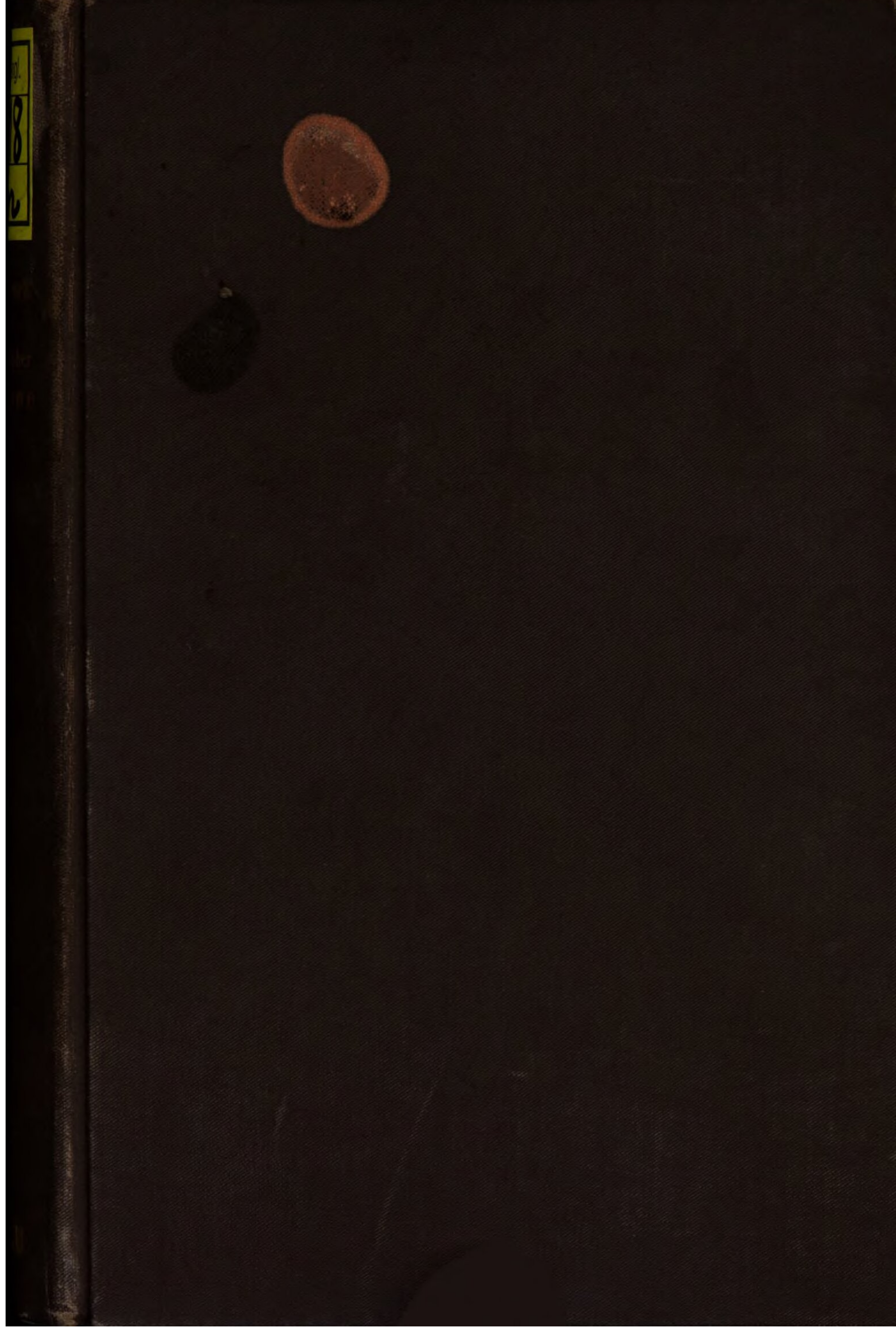




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KIT MARLOWE'S WORKS.

—
VOLUME I.
—

TAMBERLAINE THE GREAT,—PART I.

TAMBERLAINE THE GREAT,—PART II.

THE JEW OF MALTA.

VOL. I.

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THE
WORKS
OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

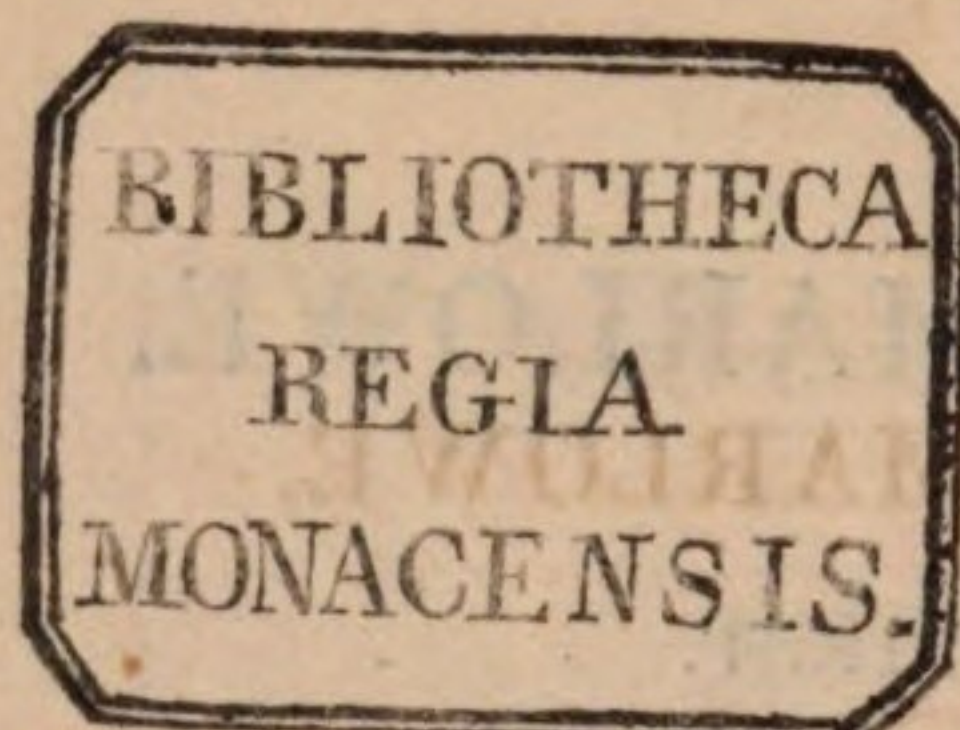


“ Marlowe renown'd for his rare art and wit
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit.”
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;
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Crane Court.

THE LIFE
OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

MARLOWE was the only dramatic poet who obtained any great degree of celebrity previously to the appearance of Shakespeare's plays; we hardly meet with a single scene in the dramatic productions of Marlowe's predecessors which is calculated to call forth the passions of grief, or terror, or astonishment. They are all written either in the dry didactic style of Ferrex and Porrex, or in the extravagant vein of King Cambises. The dramatists, indeed, who preceded him had no dominion over the passions—they were extravagant and bombastic, instead of being pathetic or natural. Peele and Greene, the friends and contemporaries of Marlowe, exhibited only slight and occasional indications of feeling in their dramatic compositions. Marlowe was the first who made any impression upon the hearts of the audience. He possessed more genius and refinement, and drew his materials from a purer source, than any former

dramatic poet. His career was melancholy and brief, but he has left sufficient testimonies of power to convince us that if he had lived longer he would have contested the palm with the most celebrated poets of the age of Elizabeth, who, in the dramatic art, must be considered rather as his successors than contemporaries. Marlowe had the honour of being the first to adopt a more natural and chaste model, and that is no slight praise at a time when taste wavered between extravagance and pedantry. Notwithstanding the backward state of tragedy in England before Marlowe's time, it is remarkable that comedy had made considerable progress. The dramatic writings of John Heywood are of a most facetious and comic kind, and Gammer Gurton's Needle is exquisitely droll and humorous.

The time of Marlowe's birth is matter of conjecture, but is placed by Mr. Ellis in 1562, and by Malone, with greater appearance of probability, about 1565.* Oldys on the contrary carries it as far back as the former part of the reign of Edward VI. He was entered of Bennet's College, Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree in 1583, and that of Master of Arts in 1587. Marlowe, on leaving the University, came to London, and, like many of the

* MS. Notes to the collection of Marlowe's Plays in the Bodleian Library.

scholars of his age, became, according to Phillips and Warton, at once an actor and a writer for the stage. Malone, however, is of opinion, that there is no sufficient authority for the assertion, that Marlowe was ever on the stage, as he is not mentioned as an actor by any of his contemporaries. He has been equally the subject of high panegyric, and the sport of scurrilous abuse, esteemed for his verse and hated for his life—the favorite of the learned and witty, and the horror of the precise and religious. The praise applies to his intellectual and the censure to his moral character; what the latter really was may be difficult at this time to determine with accuracy, although the accusations are not of a nature to be entitled to any great weight. Marlowe's familiar appellative was Kit, which may be considered as evidence of a kind disposition, or a companionable nature. "That elemental wit Kit Marlowe" is the expression of one writer, and Thomas Heywood, in his 'Hierarchy,' informs us that

"Marlowe renowned for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit."

The testimonies of his contemporary poets in his favour are numerous and highly laudatory. Nash, speaking of Hero and Leander, expresses himself thus:—"Of whom divine Musæus sung, and a

diviner Muse than he Kit Marlowe ;” and Heywood calls him “ the best of poets.” Peele, in his Honour of the Garter, thus speaks of him :—

———“ Unhappy in thine end,
Marlowe the muses’ darling for thy verse,
Fit to write passions for the souls below
If any wretched souls in passions speak.”

In *The Return from Parnassus* he is characterised in these words :—

“ Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,
Alas ! unhappy in his life and end :
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from heaven but vices sent from hell.”

Drayton describes him in a still higher and finer strain :—

“ Next Marlowe bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had : his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet’s brain.”

We will now exhibit the reverse of the picture, from which, if the representation be correct, we must conclude Marlowe to be a blasphemmer and an atheist, a scoffer of God, and a standing monument of his justice. Thomas Beard, in *The Theatre of God’s*

*Judgments**, a zealous puritan, and an arch-dialectician, holds him up as a notable example of the danger of speaking lightly of religious mysteries. "Not inferior," says he, "to any of the former in atheism and impiety, and equal to all in manner of punishment, was one of our own nation of fresh and late memory, called Marlowe, by profession a scholar, brought up from his youth in the University of Cambridge, but by practice a play-maker, and a poet of scurrility, who by giving too large a swing to his own wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, fell (not without just desert) to that great outrage and extremity that he denied God and his son Christ, and not only in word blasphemed the Trinity (but also as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moses but to be a seducer of the people, and the Holy Bible to be but vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy. But see what a hook the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dog: so it fell out that as he purposed to stab one whom he ought a grudge unto with his dagger; the other party perceiving, so avoided the stroke that withal catching hold of his wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort that not-

* We quote from the 4to. edition, by Thomas Beard and Thomas Taylor, p. 92, 1668, fol.

withstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought he shortly after died thereof, the manner of his death being so terrible (for he even cursed and blasphemed to his last gasp, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth) that it was not only a manifest sign of God's judgment, but also an horrible and fearful terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notably appear in that he compelled his own hand which had written those blasphemies to be the instrument to punish him, and that in his brain which had devised the same."

William Vaughan, another of the same class, in a book called the Golden Grove, published in 1600, gives a somewhat different version of this story. "Christopher Marlowe," says he, "by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about fourteen years ago wrote a book against the Trinity, but see the effects of God's justice; it so happened that at Deptford, a little village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his poinard one named Ingram, that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables, he quickly perceiving it so avoided the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, he stabbed this Marlowe into the eye in such sort that his brains coming out at the dagger's point he

shortly after died. Thus did God, the true executioner of divine justice, work the end of impious atheists."

From the Register of Burials for the Parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, it appears that the name of this person was Archer and not Ingram. The entry is as follows:—"1st June, 1593, Christopher Marlowe slain by Francis Archer."

The earliest authority for the manner of Marlowe's death is that of Francis Meres in his 'Wits' Treasury,' 8vo. 1598, who observes, "As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a rival of his, so Marlowe was stabbed to death by a bawdy serving man, a rival of his lewd love."

Anthony Wood introduces Beard's story into his *Athænae Oxonienses*, with this addition on the authority of Meres, "that he being deeply in love with a certain woman, had for his rival a bawdy serving man, one rather fit to be a pimp than an ingenious amoretto as Marlowe conceived himself to be."

The opinions ascribed to Marlowe probably originated in a string of accusations, which appear to have been preferred against him by a man of the name of Richard Bame or Banes. This document is amongst Lord Keeper Puckering's papers* and is

* Harl. MSS. No. 6853.

printed in Ritson's *Observations on Warton*, for the purpose of shewing the truth of the accusations brought against Marlowe. Its extravagance and absurdity however render it totally unworthy of credit; indeed some of the opinions, we conjecture, have been considered so ridiculous by a more cautious person than the informer, that he has struck them out with a pen; the same person has also altered the title of the piece. Whether it was dictated by personal dislike or misguided zeal, or proceeded from mercenary motives is perhaps unimportant; but it is not unimportant to observe, that Marlowe's accuser was hanged at Tyburn on the 6th of December, 1594.*

It is probable, however, from the quotation we are about to make from the posthumous work of his friend, Robert Greene, "A groatsworth of wit bought with a million of repentance," that Marlowe had doubts on the subject of religion.

He addresses his brother poets in the following words:—"To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G., wisheth a better excuse and wisdom to prevent his extremities." The first address has generally been considered as being directed to Marlowe. "Wonder not," says he, "with thee will I first

* Stationers' Reg. Book, p. 316.

begin, thou famous gracer of tragedians, that Greene (who hath said with thee like the fool in his heart, there is no God) should now give glory unto his greatness, for penetrating is his power; his hand is heavy upon me ***** Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou should give no glory to the giver. The brother (breather) of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his lifetime had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear and ended in despair. And wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an eternal bondage." He then proceeds to address Lodge and Peele:—"With thee I join young Juvenal [Lodge], that biting satyrists, that lately together with me writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee; be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast liberty to reprove all, and name none. Stop shallow water still running it will rage; tread on a worm it will turn; then blame not scholars who are vexed with sharp and bitter lines, if they reprove too much liberty of reproof. And thou [George Peele] no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior, driven as myself, to extreme shifts, a little

have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap since thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base minded men, all three of you, if by my misery you be not warned; for unto none of you like me sought these burs to cleave; those puppets I mean that speak from our mouths; those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they have all been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tigers heart wrapt in a players hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes *fac-totum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's work, in the preface to a work of his own, called "Kind Hart's Dreame, 1592," mentions that "the letter written to divers players is offensively by one or two of them taken****. With neither of them that take

offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be. The other [Shakespeare] whom at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the hate of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent in the quality he professes. Besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art. For the first whose learning I revered and at the perusing of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ; or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable; him I would wish to use me no better than I deserve****. In that letter I put something out, but in the whole book not a word in."

Mr. Malone, from whom we quote, supposes that Marlowe and Shakespeare were the persons alluded to by Chettle, as there was nothing in the addresses to Lodge and Peele which could possibly cause offence.

All the plays contained in the present collection have been usually attributed to the pen of Marlowe, ex-

cept the play of Dido, in the composition of which he was assisted by Nash. Both the matter and style of Tamburlaine, however, differ materially from Marlowe's other compositions and doubts have more than once been suggested as to whether the play was properly assigned to him. We think that Marlowe did not write it; and have stated the reasons which have brought us to that conclusion in the note prefixed to the first part. And although Lust's Dominion was originally printed with Marlowe's name to it, by Kirkman, a bookseller, and a great collector and publisher of plays, it seems pretty clear that it is the composition of a later writer. The editor of the new edition of Dodsley's Old Plays has pointed out a small tract, originally printed in 1599, and included in Lord Somers' collection, vol. ix. p. 113. entitled "A brief and true declaration of the sickness and last words of Philip the Second, king of Spain," which clearly shew that the early part of the play refers to the reign and death of Philip the Second, who did not die until the 13th Sept. 1598, long after Marlowe's decease. This king left a son and daughter, Philip and Isabella, two of the characters in the play. It is true other characters unknown to history are introduced, but in two or three instances the language of the drama is so closely

copied from the tract that there can be no doubt that the latter preceded it.*

An historical event too, the banishment of the Moors from Spain, which took place in the reign of Philip the Third, is also referred to at the conclusion of the play. We were not aware of the existence of this tract until after *Lust's Dominion* was printed which will account for our making no mention of it in the note preceding the play.

Marlowe is also said to have joined Day in the comedy of "*The Maiden's Holiday*," which has never been printed, and was one of the plays destroyed

* The most remarkable are as follows:—

“—— embalm my body:

—— when I am embalmed

Apparel me in a rich royal robe

According to the custom of the land;

Then place my bones within that brazen shrine.”—

A. i. S. ii.

Philip is described in the tract as also giving directions for his funeral in which these words occur, “Commanding that this my body so soon as ever my soul shall be separated from the same be embalmed; then apparelled with a royal robe and so placed in this brazen shrine.”

And, again,

“Have care to Isabel,

Her virtue was King Philip's looking glass.”—A. i. S. ii.

“I pray you have a great care and regard to your sister, because she was my looking glass.”—TRACT.

by Warburton's servant. Of his other works, the poem of Hero and Leander is the most celebrated. Shakspeare quotes it in "As You Like It:"—

"Dead shepherd now I find thy saw of might
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight."

And alludes to it twice in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Ben Jonson said of it that the lines were fitter for admiration than parallel: indeed it seems to have been a general favourite, and for the richness of the imagery and the polish of the versification well deserved to be so. Chapman's part falls far short of Marlowe's in elegance and facility, but it frequently surpasses the other in vigour. Marlowe also translated the first book of Lucan, and part of the elegies of Ovid, whose indelicacies he rendered with so much fidelity that they were ordered to be burnt at Stationers' Hall, in 1599, by command of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of London. These translations will be found at the end of the third volume, together with a collection of epigrams by I. D. and C. M. ascribed by Malone and Steevens to Davies and Marlowe. The translation, from Lucan, is curious, as exhibiting one of the earliest specimens of the use (except in dramatic compositions) of English blank verse; but the versification is by no means distinguished by the same polish and facility as that of his plays. Ac-

according to Warton, who quotes Coxeter's MSS. Marlowe also translated Coluthus's Rape of Helen, and from the fragments contained in the second volume it seems probable that he was the author of other pieces which are now lost.

The only plays then, according to our opinion, written exclusively by Marlowe, are "The Massacre of Paris," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," and "Faustus." The first is a mere abortion: by the three remaining plays must his genius be estimated and on them must his reputation rest. The Jew of Malta possesses little to raise our interest, or awaken our sympathy; but yet amidst all its tumour and extravagance we cannot help perceiving the fire of genius, that "fine madness," for which Drayton commends the author. Although not embellished by much poetical imagery, this production occasionally displays the rich enchainment of Marlowe's hand. The play of Edward the Second is much superior in truth and consistency of character as well as in chasteness of composition. It contains an excellent portraiture of the turbulent nobility of a semi-barbarous age, and the catastrophe is distinguished by a truth and pathos of the most affecting kind. Faustus is a drama of an entirely different class, and in it Marlowe displays more vigour of imagination and originality of conception than in any

other of his productions. It appears to have been written after Greene's "Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," which was printed in 1594. The magic of this play is entirely of a comic description, and bears no sort of resemblance to the tremendous interest of Faustus. Those parts of the latter in which the clowns are introduced are so unsuitable to the tone of the rest of the drama that we are inclined to consider them as interpolations; probably the additions which were made by W. Bride and Samuel Rowley, after the death of the author, and before the first edition was printed. The introduction of such a subordinate conjuror as the clown, considerably weakens the impression of the play, and gives a ludicrous turn to it, which is at complete variance with the solemn effect intended to be produced by the concluding scene, a scene which, notwithstanding this strange intermixture, is still eminently terrible and sublime.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

PART THE FIRST.

Tamburlaine the Great who from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and wonderful conquestes became a most puissant and mightie monarch: And (for his tyrannie and terror in warre) was tearmed, The scourge of God. The first part of the two Tragicall discourses, as they were sundrie times most stately shewed upon stages in the citie of London. By the right honourable the Lord Admirall his servantes now first and newlie published, Printed by Richard Jhones', dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge, 1590. 8vo.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

THIS play, or history as the publisher calls it, which is founded on the vulgar notion of Tamburlaine's history, is one of the most wild and extravagant productions of an imperfectly formed stage: and yet from what the publisher says in his address to the reader we may infer that it was originally still more extravagant. "I have purposely," says he, "omitted some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain conceited fondlings, greatly gaped at what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities." With an audience of this kind we could hardly expect the author to prefer the modesty of nature. As far as the delineation of Tamburlaine himself goes, some justification for the extravagant stuff which is put into his mouth may be found in the lofty oriental strain which he really adopted in his correspondence with foreign princes.

The title of Marlowe however to this play, or rather its title to him, has been disputed. That Marlowe was the author of a play called "Tamburlaine," has long been the received opinion, founded on one of the pro-

logues written by Thomas Heywood, to the Jew of Malta, and which has been supposed to convey that information. It appears to us doubtful whether this play has not been attributed to Marlowe under a misconception of Heywood's meaning. The passage in question is as follows :

“ We know not how our play may pass this stage,
 But by the best of poets* in that age,
 The Malta Jew had being and was made ;
 And he then by the best of actors † play'd :
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory : in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many : th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
 Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
 Proteus for shapes and Roscius for a tongue.”

This is the way in which the lines printed in Italics are punctuated in the old editions, and those lines have always been read as if the poet meant to say that one gained a lasting memory in Hero and Leander, Tamburlaine and many other compositions. Langbaine appears to have been the first who put this construction upon the passage, and he says, “ Had I not Mr. Heywood's word for it in the fore-mentioned prologue, I should not believe this to be his.” Dr. Farmer conjectured, “ that the play, Tamburlaine, praised by Heywood, might be different from the bombast one, and that written by Kyd.” We are inclined to think independently of internal evi-

* Marlowe.

† Allen.

dence, which is strong against the supposition of this play being written by Marlowe, that it was the composition of some other author. The sole authority upon which it is attributed to him is the prologue just quoted. The words in italics may with equal if not greater propriety be read in this way,

“ In Hero and Leander one did gain
A lasting memory : in Tamburlaine
This Jew with others many, the other wan
The attribute of peerless.”—

In the words of the poet one “made” and the other “played,” the Jew ; and therefore as far as relates to this play the latter part of the sentence may be applied to either Marlowe or Allen, and in like manner what is said of Tamburlaine, may independently of other evidence, be applied either to the author or the actor. But it may be urged that the intention of the writer of the prologue was to illustrate his praise by giving examples of those things in which the objects of his eulogium gained reputation ; as that Marlowe was famous for the poem of Hero and Leander, and Allen, in the character of Tamburlaine and the Jew of Malta. It may also be added that the words “with others many” are much more applicable to Allen, whose characters were numerous, than to Marlowe, whose compositions were few ; besides this reading seems more likely to have been the natural order of the poet’s thoughts,—one was celebrated in Hero and Leander, the other in Tamburlaine. The confusion arises from both being associated with the Jew of

Malta. Another reason for this construction is, that by it we get rid of the improbability, that Heywood himself, an excellent dramatist, who knew well how to touch the passions, should praise a composition like the one in question; but he might without any impropriety praise the excellence of a good actor, even in a bad play. Some other circumstances may be mentioned as tending to support this construction of the passage. Both the Jew of Malta and Tamburlaine were acted at the Rose Theatre, of which Henslowe, who married Mrs. Allen's stepmother, was proprietor; and it is probable that Allen played the part of Tamburlaine, which was in his line of character. Indeed it appears from "the plotte" of the first part of 'Tamar Cam' (Tamerlane) printed in Malone's Shakspeare, and which that editor supposes to have formed part of Allen's collection, that he actually did perform the part of 'Tamar Cam;' but the incidents and the names of the characters appear to be totally different from those of the present play.

It may be inferred from the prologue to "The troublesome reign of John, King of England," that Tamburlaine was written by the same author as that play which has never been assigned to Marlowe.

" You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,
And given applause unto an infidel,
Vouchsafe to welcome with like curtesy
A warlike Christian and your countryman."

Malone conjectured "that Tamburlaine was either written wholly or in part by Nash, from the

following passage in the Black Book, 4to. 1604 :—

“ The spindle-shank spider which shewed like great leachers with little legs, went stealing over his (Nash’s) head as if they had been conning of Tamburlaine.” It seems probable that Nash was the author of both those plays. We learn from Henslowe’s MSS. that ‘ Tamburlaine ’ was very popular, being frequently represented. Both parts were printed in 1590, 8vo. ; the first part again in 1605, 4to. and the second in 1606, 4to. Langbaine mentions an edition in black letter in 1593, but this appears to be a mistake.

Notwithstanding our opinion that Tamburlaine cannot be laid to Marlowe’s charge, we have, in deference to the received opinion, admitted it into the present collection.

THE PROLOGUE.

FROM jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine :
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MYCETES, *King of Persia.*

COSROE, *his Brother.*

ORTYGIUS, } *Persian Lords.*
CENEUS, }

MEANDER, } *Persian Captains.*
MENAPHON, }
THERIDAMAS, }

TAMBURLAINE.

TECHELLES, } *his Officers.*
USUMCASANE, }

AGYDAS, } *Median Lords attending upon*
MAGNETES, } *Zenocrate.*

CAPOLIN, *an Egyptian captain.*

BAJAZET, *Emperor of the Turks.*

KING of ARABIA.

KING of FEZ.

KING of MOROCCO.

KING of ARGIER.

SOLDAN of EGYPT.

GOVERNOR of Damascus.

PHILEMUS, *a Messenger.*

ZENOCRATE, *Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt.*

ANIPPE, *her Maid.*

ZABINA, *Empress of the Turks.*

EBRA, *her Maid.*

PERSONS MENTIONED

Alfred, King of Wales

Edward, King of Wales

Geoffrey, King of Wales

Henry, King of Wales

Isabella, Queen of Wales

John, King of Wales

Llewellyn, King of Wales

Margaret, Queen of Wales

Richard, King of Wales

Thomas, King of Wales

Walter, King of Wales

William, King of Wales

Ywain, King of Wales

King of France

King of England

King of Scotland

King of Castile

King of Aragon

King of Portugal

King of Sicily

King of Cyprus

King of Jerusalem

King of Armenia

King of Georgia

King of Iberia

King of Albania



TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

PART THE FIRST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MENAPHON, with others.

MYC. Brother Cosroe, I find myself agriev'd,
Yet insufficient to express the same;
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech:
Good brother, tell the cause unto my Lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.

Cos. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumph'd over Afric and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sun scarce dares appear
For freezing meteors and congealed cold,
Now to be rul'd and govern'd by a man
At whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturn join'd,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed their influence in his fickle brain.—

Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

MYC. Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And thorough your planets I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king,
But I refer me to my noble men
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this :
Meander, might I not ?

MEAND. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

MYC. I mean it not, but yet I know I might ;
Yet live ; yea live, Mycetes wills it so.
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceived grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers ;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes :
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

MEAND. Oft have I heard your Majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train
Daily commits uncivil outrages,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barb'rous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East ;
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,

Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your Highness' throne.

MYC. Full true, thou speak'st, and like thyself,
my Lord,

Whom I may term a Damon for thy love :
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honourable Lords ?
Is't not a kingly resolution ?

COS. It cannot choose because it comes from you.

MYC. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our State doth lean as on a staff,
That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes,—
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go, frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did sir Paris with the Grecian dame ;
Return with speed—time passeth swift away ;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

THER. Before the moon renew her borrow'd light,
Doubt not, my Lord and gracious Sovereign,
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your Highness' feet.

MYC. Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,

And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes ;
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killed men,
And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below
Besmear'd with blood that makes a dainty show.

THER. Then now, my Lord, I humbly take my
leave.

MYC. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand times.

[*Exit Theridamas.*]

Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia;
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

COS. Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater [task*]
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:
Create him Prorex of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonian hearts
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

MYC. "Unless they have a wiser king than you."
These are his words; Meander, set them down.

COS. And add this to them—that all Asia
Laments to see the folly of their king.

MYC. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat,—

COS. You may do well to kiss it then.

MYC. Emboss'd with silk as best beseems my state,
To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words.

* This word, or one of similar import, has been dropped at the press.

O, where is duty and allegiance now ?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main ?
What shall I call thee ? Brother ?—No, a foe ;
Monster of nature !—Shame unto thy stock
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock !
Meander, come ! I am abus'd, Meander.

[All go out but Cosroe and Menaphon.]

MEN. How now, my Lord ? What, mated* and
amaz'd

To hear the king thus threaten like himself !

Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not† for his threats ;
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me emperor of Asia :
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexed soul—
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorn ;
And that, which might resolve me into tears—
Men from the farthest equinoctial line
Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

MEN. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimed empery.

* *muted*—confounded ; from the French *mater*.

† *pass not*—care not.

Afric and Europe bord'ring on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How eas'ly may you, with a mighty host,
Pass into Grecia, as did Cyrus once!
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.

Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's
sound?

MEN. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you emperor!

*Enter ORTYGIUS and CENEUS, with others, bearing
a Crown.*

ORTY. Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states
And Commons of the mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th' imperial diadem.

CEN. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the walled towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their king:
Therefore, to stop all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy,
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil

Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

Cos. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

ORTY. And in assurance of desir'd success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and of Persia ;
Great Lord of Media and Armenia ;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late discover'd isles ;
Chief lord of all the vast wide Euxine Sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian Lake.

ALL. Long live Cosroe, mighty emperor !

Cos. And Jove may never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces,
By whose desire of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas,
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

ORTY. We knew, my lord, before we brought the
crown,
Intending your investion so near
The residence of your despised brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate

To injure or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

ORTY. Sound up the trumpets then—
God save the king! [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, leading ZENOCRATE, followed by TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, AGYDAS, MAGNETES, Lords, and Soldiers, loaded with Treasure.

TAMB. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty soldan of Ægyptia.

ZENO. Ah, shepherd! pity my distressed plight,
(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who travelling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,
Where, all my youth, I have been governed,
Have past the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

MAG. And since we have arrived in Scythia,

Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.

TAMB. But now you see these letters and com-
mands

Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I love to live at liberty,
As eas'ly may you get the soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
'Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it;
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?

ZENO. I am, my lord—for so you do import.

TAMB. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear!
This complete armour and this curtle axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvalued,
Both may invest you empress of the East;

And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

TECH. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threatning herds of beasts,
So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.

USUM. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

TAMB. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and followers!
These Lords, perhaps do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distempered spirits;
But since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.

ZENO. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eterniz'd,
By living Asia's mighty emperor.

AGYD. I hope our ladies' treasures and our own,
May serve for ransom to our liberties:

Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord Alcidamas,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.

MAG. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

TAMB. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,—
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valourous than Zenocrate's.
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd.
My martial prizes with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Wolga's waves,
Shall we offer to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

TECH. (*Aside to Tamb.*) What now!—in love?

TAMB. (*Aside.*) Techelles, women must be flatter'd:

But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLD. News!—News!

TAMB. How now?—What's the matter?

SOLD. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.

TAMB. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!

How!—must your jewels be restor'd again,
And I that triumph'd so be overcome?

How say you, Lordings,—is not this your hope?

AGYD. We hope yourself will willingly restore
them.

TAMB. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand
horse.

Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!

You must be forced from me ere you go.

A thousand horsemen!—We five hundred foot!—

An odds too great for us to stand against.

But are they rich?—and is their armour good?

SOLD. Their plumed helms are wrought with
beaten gold,

Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks

Hang massy chains of gold, down to the waist,

In ev'ry part exceeding brave and rich.

TAMB. Then shall we fight courageously with them.
Or look you I should play the orator?

TECH. No: cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our swords shall play the orator for us.

USUM. Come! let us meet them at the mountain
foot!

And with a sudden and a hot alarum,
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.

TECH. Come! Let us march!

TAMB. Stay! ask a parley first.

The SOLDIERS enter.

Open the ways, yet guard the treasure sure!
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;
But if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight five hundred men at arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

TECH. I hear them come; shall we encounter
them?

TAMB. Keep all your standings and not stir a
foot,

Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter THERIDAMAS and others.

THER. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

TAMB. Who seek'st thou, Persian?—I am Tam-
burlaine.

HER. Tamburlaine!—A Scythian shepherd so
embellish'd

With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace Heaven and dare the God's :
His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,
As if he now devis'd some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

TAMB. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.

TECH. His deep affections make him passionate.

TAMB. With what a majesty he rears his looks !
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy emperor.

Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by characters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspect,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host ?
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world ;
I hold the fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turns fortune's wheel about :
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere,
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at arms,
Intending but to raze my charmed skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven
To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay !

And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this soldan's daughter rich and brave,
To be my queen and portly emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquer'd kingdoms and of cities sack'd;
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,
And Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
Shall vail to us, as Lords of all the lake.
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometimes masked in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heavens
May we become immortal like the Gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because being yet obscure,
The nations far remov'd admire me not,)
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Böötes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

HER. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the Gods,
Could use persuasions more pathological.

TAMB. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

TECH. We are his friends, and if the Persian
king

Should offer present dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assur'd of by our friend's success.

USUM. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honour in assured conquests,
When kings shall crouch unto our conq'ring swords
And hosts of soldiers stand amaz'd at us ;
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,
These are the men that all the world admires.

THER. What strong enchantments 'tice my yield-
ing soul

To these resolved, noble Scythians ?
But shall I prove a traitor to my king ?

TAMB. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.

THER. Won with thy words, and conquer'd with
thy looks,

I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.

TAMB. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,
And call'd the Gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him !

TECH. Welcome, renowned Persian to us all !

USUM. Long may Theridamas remain with us !

TAMB. These are my friends, in whom I more
rejoice
Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues * we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee to the death.

THER. Nor they nor theirs, thrice noble Tambur-
laine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd,
To do you honour and security.

TAMB. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.
And now fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me
You shall have honours as your merits be ;
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.

AGYD. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.

TAMB. For you then, madam, I am out of doubt.

ZENO. I must be pleas'd perforce. Wretched
Zenocrate! [Exeunt.

* The first edition reads statutes, but as the Scythians worshipped Pylades and Orestes in temples, we have adopted the reading of the quarto as being most probably the correct one.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Enter COSROE, MENAPHON, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS,
with other Soldiers.*

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?

MEN. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire lift upward and divine,
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen;—*'twixt this manly pitch,
A pearl more worth than all the world is plac'd,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally:
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,

*'Twixt this manly pitch, or height; that is, 'twixt or on 'such breadth of shoulders,' a pearl (his head) is placed, &c. The old editions read, "his manly pitch;" the alteration in the text, however, renders the phrase more intelligible.

And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.—
His arms and fingers, long, and snowy-white,*
Betokening valour and excess of strength;—
In ev'ry part proportion'd like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Well hast thou pourtrayed in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wond'rous man;
Nature doth strive with fortune and his stars
To make him famous in accomplish'd worth;
And well his merits shew him to be made
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are join'd
And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellow'd fruit with shakes of death,
In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

* Thus, the octavo: the quarto has "his arms long,—his fingers snowy white."

ORTY. In happy hour we have set the crown
Upon your kingly head that seeks our honour,
In joining with the man ordain'd by Heaven,
To further ev'ry action to the best.

CEN. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuff'd with treasure for his highest thoughts?

Cos. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoin'd to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,
And with unwilling soldiers faintly arm'd,
To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.

MEN. I will, my lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Enter MYCETES, MEANDER, with other Lords ; and
Soldiers.*

MYC. Come, my Meander, let us to this geer.
I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,
And on that false Cosroe, my traiterous brother.
Would it not grieve a king to be so abus'd
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?

And which is worse, to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?
I think it would; well then, by Heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander; I have said.

MEAND. Then having past Armenian deserts now,
And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are cover'd with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here awhile,
They gather strength by pow'r of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outrageous men
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his king,
Will quickly win such as be like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds! prepare to fight!
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the province of Albania:
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside the spoil of him and all his train:
But if Cosroe, (as our spials say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,

His Highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

A SPY. A hundred horsemen of my company
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains
Have view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.

MEAND. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.

MYC. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?

MEAND. So poets say, my lord.

MYC. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read,
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my Lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.

MEAND. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these
thieves,
That live confounded in disorder'd troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in ev'ry corner of the field;
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,

You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And when their scatter'd army is subdu'd,
And you march on their slaughter'd carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the drum! and march courageously!
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.

MYC. He tells you true, my masters: so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS,
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE and ORTYGIUS, with
others.*

COS. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I repos'd
In thy approved fortune all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our at-
tempts?

For e'en as from assured oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

TAMB. And so mistake you not a whit, my Lord;
For fates and oracles [of] Heav'n have sworn
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not, but if you favour me,
And let my fortunes and my valour sway
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men at arms,
To swarm unto the ensign I support:

The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
T' have drank the mighty Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quiv'ring lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enroll'd in flames and fiery smould'ring mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopien wars :
And with our sun-bright armour as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admired arms.

THER. You see, my Lord, what working words he
hath ;

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay or so extol his worth
As I shall be commended, and excus'd
For turning my poor charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends, my lord,
Would make one thrust and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

TECH. With duty and with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.

Cos. Usumcasane and Techelles both,
When she* that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosp'rous arms,
Shall make me solely emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds and valours be advanc'd
To rooms of honour and nobility.

TAMB. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these, my friends, and all my men

* The Goddess Nemesis.

May triumph in our long-expected fate.
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand;
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burthen as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, we have discovered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

Cos. Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy winged
sword,

And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

TAMB. See where it is, the keenest curtle axe
That ere made passage thorough Persian arms.
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as surely* as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success;
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.

TAMB. Usumcasane and Techelles come!
We are enough to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor.

*[They go out to the battle. Mycetes enters
alone with his crown in his hand, and endeavours
to hide it.]*

MYC. Accurs'd be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah they knew not, simple men,

* Sure in both the old editions.

How those, who're hit by pelting cannon shot,
Stand stagg'ring like a quiv'ring aspin leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas boist'rous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I
If Nature had not giv'n me wisdom's lore,
For kings are clouts that ev'ry man shoots at,
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave;
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool:
So shall I not be known; or if I be,
They can not take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter TAMBURLAINE.

TAMB. What fearful coward's straggling from the
camp,

When kings themselves are present in the field?

MYC. Thou liest.

TAMB. Base villain, dar'st thou give the lie?

MYC. Away; I am the king; go; touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel
And cry me mercy, noble king.

TAMB. Are you the witty king of Persia?

MYC. Aye, marry am I: have you any suit to
me?

TAMB. I would entreat you but to speak three
wise words.

MYC. So I can when I see my time.

TAMB. Is this your crown?

MYC. Aye, didst thou ever see a fairer?

TAMB. You will not sell it, will you?

MYC. Such another word and I will have thee executed.

Come, give it me!

TAMB. No; I took it prisoner.

MYC. You lie; I gave it you.

TAMB. Then 'tis mine.

MYC. No; I mean I let you keep it.

TAMB. Well; I mean you shall have it again.

Here; take it for awhile: I lend it thee,

'Till I may see thee hemm'd with armed men;

Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head;

Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

[*Exit Tamb.*

MYC. O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?

I marvel much he stole it not away.

[*Trumpets sound to the battle: Mycetes runs out.*

Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, MENAPHON, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, with others.

TAMB. Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial crowns;

Think thee invested now as royally,

Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,

As if as many kings as could encompass thee

With greatest pomp, had crown'd thee emperor.

Cos. So do I, thrice-renowned man at arms,

And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.

Thee do I make my regent of Persia,

And general lieutenant of my armies.

Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.

MEAND. Most happy emperor, in humblest terms,
I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

Cos. Thanks, good Meander: then Cosroe reign,
And govern Persia in her former pomp!
Now send embassage to thy neighbour kings,
And let them know the Persian king is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

ORTY. And as we ever aim'd at your behoof,
And sought your state all honour it deserv'd,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,

To follow me to fair Persepolis.
'Then will I march to all those Indian mines,
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury.
And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scatter'd troops,)
Farewel, lord regent and his happy friends !
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

MEAND. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis,

[All go out but Tamb. Tech. Ther. and Usum.]

TAMB. And ride in triumph through Persepolis !
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles ?
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis ?

TECH. O, my lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.

USUM. To be a king is half to be a god.

THER. A god is not so glorious as a king.
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth.—
To wear a crown enchas'd with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death ;
To ask and have—command and be obey'd ;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes !

TAMB. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king ?

THER. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.

TAMB. What say my other friends, will you be
kings ?

TECH. If I could, with all my heart, my lord.

TAMB. Why, that's well said, Techelles; so
would I,

And so would you, my masters, would you not?

USUM. What then, my lord?

TAMB. Why then, Casane, shall we wish for
ought

The world affords in greatest novelty,

And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?

Methinks we should not: I am strongly mov'd,

That if I should desire the Persian crown,

I could attain it with a wond'rous ease.

And would not all our soldiers soon consent,

If we should aim at such a dignity?

THER. I know they would with our persuasions.

TAMB. Why then, Theridamas, I'll first essay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns a piece.

TECH. Then shall we send to this triumphing king,
And bid him battle for his novel crown.

USUM. Nay, quickly then, before his room be hot.

TAMB. 'Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my
friends.

THER. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!
I judge the purchase more important far.

TAMB. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;
For presently Techelles here shall haste

To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labour than the gain will quit.
Then shalt thou see this Scythian, Tamburlaine,
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him back to war with us,
That only made him king to make us sport.
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning with more warriors.
Haste, thee, Techelles, we will follow thee.
What saith Theridamas?

Ther. Go on for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, MENAPHON, with other Soldiers.

Cos. What means this dev'lish shepherd to aspire
With such a giantly presumption
To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And press'd out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

Meand. Some pow'rs divine, or else infernal,
mix'd

Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung from human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule,

And by profession be ambitious.

ORTY. What God, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turned to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or state soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds;
And in detesting such a devilish chief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius;
And since we all have suck'd one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve, I hope we are resembled
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude,
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make
The loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barb'rous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia!

Alarums.—A battle ; enter COSROE, wounded, THERIDAMAS, TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life !
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Ev'n at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end !
An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul,
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks every vein and artier of my heart.—
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine !

TAMB. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown
That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops,
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the imperial heaven,
Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove ?
Nature that form'd us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds ;
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wond'rous architecture of the world,
And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,

That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

THER. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine:

For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

TECH. And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.

USUM. For as when Jove did thrust old Saturn
down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

Cos. The strangest men that ever nature made!
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound;
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summon all my senses to depart.—
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Are dry and cold; and now doth ghastly death,
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a harpy tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die:
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!

[*Cosroe dies.—Tamburlaine takes the crown
and puts it on.*]

TAMB. Not all the curses, which the furies
breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is king of Persia?

ALL. Tamburlaine!—Tamburlaine!

TAMB. Though Mars himself, the angry god of
arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.

ALL. Long live Tamburlaine and reign in Asia!

TAMB. So now it is more surer on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament,
And all pronounc'd me king of Persia. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

BAJAZET, *the Kings of Fez, Morocco, and*
ARGIER, *with others in great Pomp.*

BAJ. Great kings of Barbary and my portly
bassas,
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bick'ring with your emperor,

And think to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumcised Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christian's reni'd*,
As hath the ocean or the Tyrrhene sea
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns.
Yet would we not be brav'd with foreign pow'r,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city walls.

K. OF FEZ. Renowned emperor, and mighty general,

What, if you sent the bassas of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazet.

BAJ. Hie thee, my bassa, fast to Persia;
Tell him thy lord, the Turkish emperor,
Dread lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great king and conqueror of Grecia,
The ocean Tyrrhene, and the coal-black sea,
The high and highest monarch of the world
Wills and commands, (for say not I entreat)
Not once to set his foot on Africa,
Or spread his colours in Grecia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.
Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind:

* Renied—denied. Christians who had denied their faith.

But if presuming on his silly pow'r,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him; say, I bid thee so:
And if, before the sun have measur'd heaven
With tripple circuit thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaim'd,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

BAS. Most great and puissant monarch of the
earth,
Your bassa will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk. [*Exit Bas.*

ARG. They say he is the king of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

BAJ. True, Argier; and trembles at my looks.

K. OF MOR. The spring is hinder'd by your
smoth'ring hosts,
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

BAJ. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

K. OF FEZ. What thinks your highness best to be
achiev'd
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

BAJ. I will the captive pioneers of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes

Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon.
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land :
And all the sea my gallies countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons' mouths, like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in ;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquer'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, *with others.*

AGYD. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest ?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long ago.

ZENO. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd,
And might content the Queen of Heav'n, as well
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dye my looks so liveless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

AGYD. Eternal Heaven, sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,

Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!

ZENO. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast
And leave my body senseless as the earth,
Or else unite you* to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

*Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, and others
behind.*

AGYD. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being suppos'd his worthless concubine,)
Be honour'd with your love but for necessity.
So now the mighty soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt, but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

ZENO. Leave to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villainy or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

AGYD. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce.
Only dispos'd to martial stratagems?
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

* 4to.—me.

ZENO. As looks the sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song:
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides;
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine.

AGYD. Yet be not so inconstant in your love;
But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the king of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

ZENO. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his loving through my unworthiness.—

[Tamburlaine goes to her and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agyd. and says nothing. All follow but Agyd.]

AGYD. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious love,
Threat'ned with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpris'd with fear and hideous revenge,
I stand aghast! but most astonied
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul!

Upon his brows was pourtray'd ugly death ;
And in his eyes the fury of his heart
That shine as comets, menacing revenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the wat'ry heavens,
With shiv'ring spears enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves,
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

Enter USUMCASANE, and TECHELLES with a naked dagger.

TECH. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you ?
He bids you prophesy what it imports.

AGYD. I prophesy'd before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threat'ned end :
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least ;
More honour and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolved hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and Heaven have sworn.

Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removed from the torments and the hell,
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally. [*Stabs himself.*]

TECH. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.

USUM. 'Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done;
And since he was so wise and honourable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.

TECH. Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.
[*Exeunt, bearing out the body.*]

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE,
THERIDAMAS, BASSA, ZENOCRATE, *with others.*

TAMB. Bassa, by this thy lord and master knows
I mean to meet him in Bithynia:
See, how he comes! Tush! Turks are full of brags,
And menace more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!
Alas, poor Turk! his fortune is too weak
T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa.

BAS. Your men are valiant, but their number few,

And can not terrify his mighty host.
My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battles fought in Grecia;
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

TECH. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to seat our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately Janisars.

TAMB. But will those kings accompany your lord?

BAS. Such as his highness please; but some must
stay

To rule the provinces he late subdu'd.

TAMB. [*To his Officers.*] Then fight courageously:

Their crowns are yours:
This hand shall set them on your conq'ring heads,
That made me emperor of Asia.

USUM. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.

HER. Ev'n he that in a trice vanquish'd two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scatter'd army till they yield or die.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;

For will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give him assured hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as slaves,
Burth'ning their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked row about the Tyrrhene sea,
And when they chance to rest or breathe a space,
Are punish'd with bastones * so grievously,
That they lie panting on the gallies' side,
And strive for life at ev'ry stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damned train, the scum of Africa,
Inhabited with straggling runagates,
That make quick havock of the Christian blood;
But as I live that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

Enter BAJAZET with his Bassas and contributory Kings.

BAJ. Bassas and Janisaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.

TAMB. Techelles, and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean t' encounter with that Bajazet.

* Bastinado.

BAJ. Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazet, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain; those that lead my horse,
Have to their names title of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazet?

TAMB. And know, thou 'Turk, that those which
lead my horse,
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

BAJ. By Mahomet, my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my serail tend my concubines;
And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow:

TAMB. By this my sword, that conquer'd Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world.
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

K. OF FEZ. What means the mighty Turkish
emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

K. OF MOR. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?

K. OF ARG. Leave words, and let them feel your
lances' points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.

BAJ. Well said, my stout contributory kings :
Your threefold army and my huge host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.

TECH. Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,

Why stay we thus prolonging of their lives ?

THER. I long to see those crowns won by our
swords,

That we may rule as kings of Africa.

USUM. What coward would not fight for such a
prize ?

TAMB. Fight all courageously, and be you kings ;
I speak it, and my words are oracles.

BAJ. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did part the jaws of serpents venomous ;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad for complete armour fit,—
Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats ere sprung from Typhon's loins ;
Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter turrets with their manly fists,
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
And all his captains bound in captive chains.

ZAB. Such good success happen to Bajazet !

TAMB. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine,

Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,
And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter,
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
We march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.

ZENO. And may my love the king of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!

BAJ. Now shalt thou feel the force of 'Turkish
arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia.
Let thousands die; their slaughter'd carcasses
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,
Subdu'd, shall stand as mighty as before.
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know'st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine,
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

TAMB. Our conq'ring swords shall marshal us the
way

We use to march upon the slaughter'd foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;
Brave horses bred o'er the white Tartarian hills;
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;
Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
As these, my followers, willingly would have.
Legions of spirits fleeting in the air
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,
And make our strokes to wound the senseless light,
And when she sees our bloody colours spread,
Then victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent:—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.

[Exit, with his followers.]

BAJ. Come kings and bassas, let us glut our
swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persian's blood.

[Exit, with his followers.]

ZAB. Base concubine! must thou be plac'd by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

ZENO. Disdainful Turkess and unrev'rend Boss!*
Callest thou me concubine, that am betroth'd
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?

* *Boss*, a contemptuous epithet, expressive of the inflated pride of the Turkish empress;—a tumour, an excrescence.

ZAB. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!

ZENO. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of
thine,

When thy great bassa-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.

ZAB. And sue to thee!—I tell thee, shameless
girl,

Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid!
How likest thou her, Ebra?—Will she serve?

EBRA. Madam, perhaps, she thinks she is too fine,
But I shall turn her into other weeds,
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.

ZENO. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth
talk?

And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employ'd
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.

ANIP. Yet sometimes let your highness send for
them,
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.

[They sound to the battle within.]

ZENO. Ye Gods and Pow'rs that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the fearful Bajazet,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!

ZAB. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,

And make him rain down murd'ring shot from heaven
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage arms with him
That offer'd jewels to thy sacred shrine,
When first he warr'd against the Christians!

[*To the battle again.*]

ZENO. By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their
blood,

And Tamburlaine is lord of Africa.

ZAB. Thou art deceiv'd.—I heard the trumpet
sound,

As when my emp'ror overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.

Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves,—
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

*Enter BAJAZET, who is pursued by TAMBURLAINE
and overcome.*

TAMB. Now, king of bassas, who is conqueror?

BAJ. Thou, by the fortune of this damned soil.

TAM. Where are your stout, contributory kings?

*Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, and USUM-
CASANE.*

TECH. We have their crowns—their bodies strew
the field.

TAMB. Each man a crown!—Why kingly fought
i'faith.

Deliver them into my treasury.

ZENO. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.

TAMB. Nay, take the crown from her, Zenocrate,

And crown me emperor of Africa.

ZAB. No, Tamburlaine: though now thou got the best,

Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

THER. Give her the crown, Turkess; you were best.

[*He takes it from her, and gives it to Zenocrate.*]

ZAB. Injurious villains!—thieves!—runagates!

How dare you thus abuse my majesty?

THER. [*To Zenocrate.*] Here, madam, you are empress; she is none.

TAMB. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past.

The pillars that have bolster'd up those terms,
Are fall'n in clusters at my conq'ring feet.

ZAB. Though he be pris'ner, he may be ransom'd.

TAMB. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazet.

BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina, we have lost the field;

And never had the Turkish emperor

So great a foil by any foreign foe.

Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,

Ringling with joy their superstitious bells,

And making bonfires for my overthrow.

But, ere I die, those foul idolaters

Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.

For though the glory of this day be lost,

Afric and Greece have garrisons enough

To make me sovereign of the earth again.

TAMB. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa.

So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The gallies and those pilling brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Streights for Christian wreck,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetch'd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the straights of Gibraltar;
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,
Keeping in awe the bay of Portugal,
And all the ocean by the British shore;
And by this means I'll win the world at last.

BAJ. Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.

TAMB. What, think'st thou, Tamburlaine esteems
thy gold?

I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;
The Turkess, let my love's maid lead away.

[*They bind them.*]

BAJ. Ah, villains!—dare ye touch my sacred
arms?

O Mahomet!—O sleepy Mahomet!

ZAB. O cursed Mahomet, that makes us thus
The slaves to Scythians, rude and barbarous!

TAMB. Come, bring them in; and for this happy
conquest,
Triumph and solemnize a martial feast. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*Enter the SOLDAN of EGYPT, CAPOLINE, LORDS,
and a MESSENGER.*

SOLD. Awake, ye men of Memphis!—hear the
clang
Of Scythian trumpets!—hear the basilisks,
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
Lie slumb'ring on the flow'ry banks of Nile,
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,
While thund'ring cannons rattle on their skins.

MESS. Nay, mighty soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes,
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.

SOLD. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous as [the] gorgon prince of hell,

The soldan would not start a foot from him.

But speak, what pow'r hath he?

MESS. Mighty lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully,
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood:
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

SOLD. Nay, could their numbers countervail the
stars,
Or ever-drizzling drops of April show'rs,
Or wither'd leaves that Autumn shaketh down,
Yet would the Soldan, by his conqu'ring pow'r
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should live to rue their fall.

CAPO. So might your highness, had you time to
sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;
But Tamburlaine, by expedition,
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

SOLD. Let him take all th' advantages he can,
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,

To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.

MESS. Pleaseth your Mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.

The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest,
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.
But when Aurora mounts the second time
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms;
But if these threats move not submission,
Black are his colours, black, his pavilions;
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And petty feathers, menace death and hell;
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

SOLD. Merciless villain!—peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capoline, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter, and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be reveng'd for her disparagement. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, two Moors drawing BAJAZET in a cage, and his Wife following him.

TAMB. Bring out my footstool.

[Bajazet is taken out of the cage.]

BAJ. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining your altars with your purple blood ;
Make Heaven to frown and ev'ry fixed star
To suck up poison from the Moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat!

TAMB. The chiefest god, first mover of that
sphere,
Enchas'd with thousand ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
But villain ! thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise unto my royal throne.

BAJ. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy
sword,
And sacrifice my soul to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

TAMB. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine !
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That bears the honour of my royal weight ;
Stoop, villain, stoop ! stoop ! for so he bids

That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scatter'd like the lofty cedar trees
Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter.

BAJ. When as I look down to the damned fiends,
Fiends look on me; and thou dread god of hell
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once.

[*Tamburlaine gets upon him to his chair.*]

Tamb. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.
Smile, stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of their neighbour lamps!
Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspect,
But fixed now in the Meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel
Ev'n in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,
That almost brent* the axle-tree of heaven,

* *Brent* — burnt.

So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors :
Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

ZAB. Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou that never saw an emperor,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepar'd to entertain his grace ?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kiss'd.

TECH. You must devise some torment worse, my
lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

TAMB. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.

ZENO. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall
look
That these abuses flow not from her tongue :
Chide her, Anippe.

ANIP. Let these be warnings for you then, my
slave,
How you abuse the person of the king ;
Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-naked.

BAJ. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazet,

That should be horsed on four mighty kings.

TAMB. Thy names, and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Bajazet and remain with me,
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.
Put him in again. [*They put him into the cage.*]

BAJ. Is this a place for mighty Bajazet?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!

TAMB. There, while he lives, shall Bajazet be
kept;

And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this,
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself;
This is my mind and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emp'rors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Ev'n from this day to Plato's wond'rous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazet;
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia,
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphian fields:
The golden statue of their feather'd bird
That spreads her wings upon the city's walls

Shall not defend it from our batt'ring shot :
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And ev'ry house is as a treasury :
The men, the treasure, and the town are ours.

'THER. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the
gates,
And gentle flags of amity display'd,
I doubt not but the government will yield,
Off'ring Damascus to your majesty.

TAMB. So shall he have his life and all the rest :
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanc'd on my vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.
And when they see us march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

ZENO. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country, and my father's.

TAMB. Not for the world, Zenocrate; I've sworn.
Come; bring in the Turk. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter SOLDAN, ARABIA, CAPOLINE, with streaming colours, and soldiers.

SOLD. Methinks we march as Meleager did,
Environed with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydonian boar,
Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent

To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us.
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon, a base-bred thief,
By murder raised to the Persian crown,
That dares controul us in our territories.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power ;
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors,
That such a base, usurping, vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

ARAB. Renowned Soldan, have ye lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazet
About the confines of Bithynia ?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess ?

SOLD. I have, and sorrow for his bad success ;
But noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the pilot stands,
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shivered against a craggy rock ;
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,

A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Isis' holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallow'd person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

ARAB. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as we and Heaven can pour on him.
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.

SOLD. Capoline, hast thou survey'd our powers?

CAPOL. Great emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse;
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at arms,
Courageous, and full of hardiness,
As frolick as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

ARAB. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

SOLD. Then rear your standards; let your sound-
ing drums

Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,

To dim thy baseness and obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Banquet; and to it come TAMBURLAINE, all in scarlet, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, BAJAZET, ZABINA, and others.

TAMB. Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,

Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quiv'ring on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath,
Then let us freely banquet and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you,
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece.
And now, Bajazet, hast thou any stomach?

BAJ. Aye, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine,
As I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.

TAMB. Nay thine own is easier to come by; pluck out that;

And 'twill serve thee and thy wife: Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

BAJ. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!
Ye furies, that can walk invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up

And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine !
Or, winged snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish !

ZAB. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to th' adult'rous Thracian king,
That fed upon the substance of his child.

ZENO. My lord, how can you suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours ?

TAMB. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the imperial heaven
To turn them all upon their proper heads.

TECH. I pray you give them leave, madam ; this
speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

THER. But if his highness would let them be fed,
it would do them more good.

TAMB. Sirrah, why fall you not to ?—are you so
daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh ?

BAJ. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in
pieces.

USUM. Villain, know'st thou to whom thou
speakest ?

TAMB. O, let him alone. Here ; eat sir ; take it
from my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.

[Bajazet takes it and stamps upon it.]

THER. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

TAMB. Take it up, villain, and eat it ; or I will
make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into car-
bonades and eat them.

USUM. Nay, 'twere better he kill'd his wife, and

then he shall be sure not to be starved, and be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

TAMB. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating.

THER. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

TECH. 'Tis like he will when he cannot let it.

TAMB. Go to; fall to your meat.—What, not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered to day; give him some drink.

[They give him water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.]

TAMB. Fast, and welcome, sir, while* hunger make you eat. How now, Zenocrate, do not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

ZENO. Yes, my lord.

THER. Methinks 'tis better than a consort of musick.

TAMB. Yet musick would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell, why thou art so sad?—If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

ZENO. My lord, to see my father's town besieg'd,
The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul?
If any love remain in you, my lord,

* Until.

Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,
Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

TAMB. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces cities and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate.
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular;
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss?—Tell me, Zenocrate.

ZENO. Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine;
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

TAMB. Content thyself: his person shall be safe
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they may be pleas'd to yield,
Or may be forc'd to make me emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.—
Feed you slave; thou may'st think thyself happy to
be fed from my trencher.

BAJ. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hast'ning cruel death.
My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;
My joints benumb'd; unless I eat, I die.

ZAB. Eat, Bajazet; and let us live in spite of them, looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.

TAMB. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?

BAJ. Aye, tyrant, and more meat.

TAMB. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.

THER. So it would, my lord, especially having so small a walk and so little exercise.

[A second course is brought in of crowns.]

TAMB. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

THER. Aye my lord; but none save kings must feed with them.

TECH. 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

TAMB. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus, Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings.—I crown you here Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane, King of Morocco. How say you to this, Turk? These are not your contributory kings.

BAJ. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

TAMB. Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,
You that have march'd with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen place of heaven,
Unto the wat'ry morning's ruddy bower,
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,

Deserve these titles I endow you with,
By valour and by magnanimity.
Your birth shall be no blemish to your fame,
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

HER. And since your highness hath so well
vouchsafed,
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retain'd
Take them away again and make us slaves.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates
Shall stablsh me in strong Egyptia,
We mean to travel to th' antarctick pole,
Conq'ring the people underneath our feet,
And be renown'd as never emperors were.
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honours I be grac'd. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*Enter the GOVERNOR of DAMASCUS, with three or
four CITIZENS, and four VIRGINS, with branches
of laurel in their hands.*

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
And to resist with longer stubbornness,
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,

Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threat'ned lives.
We see his tents have now been altered
With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue.
His coal-black colours every where advanc'd,
Threaten our city with a gen'ral spoil;
And if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse
Will never be dispens'd with 'till our deaths;
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted pray'rs,
Their blubber'd cheeks, and hearty, humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror.*

1 VIRG. If humble suits or imprecations,
(Utter'd with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex
Some made your wives, and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
While only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death

* And use us like a loving conqueror—i. e. and that he will use us like, &c.

Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honour, loath to be inthrall'd
To foreign pow'rs and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear
(Before all hope of rescue were denied)
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our own,
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power of wars;
Or be the means the overweighing heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

2 VIRG. Then here before the Majesty of Heaven
And holy patrons of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat
Grace to our words and pity to our looks
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory, we yield,
May bind the temples of his conq'ring head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeased countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen;

What simple virgins may persuade, we will,
Gov. Farewel, sweet virgins, on whose safe re-
turn
Depend our city, liberty, and lives. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS,
USUMCASANE, with others: Tamburlaine all in
black and very melancholy. To them enter the
VIRGINS of DAMASCUS.*

TAMB. What, are the turtles fray'd out of their
nests?

Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams
Reflexed them on your disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incensed hate
Flings slaught'ring terror from my coal-black tents,
And tells for truth submission comes too late?

I VIRG. Most happy king and emp'ror of the earth,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the pow'rs divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy graces sit;
In whose sweet person is compriz'd the sum
Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and rev'rence evermore have reign'd!

Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord
In prime and glory of his loving joy
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife
Whose cheeks and hearts so punish'd with conceit,
To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm,
Will part their bodies and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and wither'd to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Has thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
Oh then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy rule,
Pity, oh pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath giv'n his hand,
And wish'd, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investors of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

TAMB. Virgins, in vain you labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be perform'd.
Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

1 VIRG. Nothing but fear, and fatal steel, my lord.

TAMB. Your fearful minds are thick and misty then;
For there sits Death; there sits imperious Death
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.

But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and shew my servant, Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.

ALL. O pity us!

TAMB. Away with them, I say, and shew them
Death. *[The Virgins are taken out.]*

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gehon's golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refus'd the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemien shown the virgins' death?

TECH. They have, my lord, and on Damascus'
walls

Have hoisted up their slaughter'd carcasses.

TAMB. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate:
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

[Exeunt Lords.]

Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!—
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,

With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy wat'ry cheeks ;
And, like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her iv'ry pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence, of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light ;
These angels, in their chrystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life ;
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls :
And neither Persia's* sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then ?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
And ev'ry sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes ;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,

* Old copies, Persians.

Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit ;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest :
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint !
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd ;
And ev'ry warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits.
I thus conceiving and subduing both
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,*
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And march in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.—
Who's within there ?

Enter ANIPPE.

Hath Bajazet been fed to-day ?

* A line appears to have been omitted in both the old copies, after the word " Gods." The reader will easily supply the sense.

AN. Aye, my lord.

TAMB. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransack'd. *[Exit An.]*

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, and others.

TECH. The town is our's, my lord, and fresh supply Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.

TAMB. That's well, Techelles;—what's the news?

TECH. The Soldan and the Arabian king together March on us with such eager violence, As if there were no way but one with us.

TAMB. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

BAJAZET and ZABINA, are brought in.

THER. We know the victory is ours, my lord; But let us save the reverend Soldan's life, For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.

TAMB. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas, For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness Deserves a conquest over ev'ry heart. And now, my footstool, if I lose the field, You hope of liberty and restitution? Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents, Till we have made us ready for the field. Pray for us, Bajazet; we are going.

[Exeunt Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, and Persians.]

BAZ. Go! never to return with victory. Millions of men encompass thee about, And gore thy body with as many wounds!

Sharp, forked arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus lake,
Break up the earth, and with their fire-brands,
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Vollies of shot pierce through thy charmed skin,
And ev'ry bullet dipt in poison'd drugs!
Or, roaring cannons sever all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

ZAB. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At ev'ry pore let blood come dropping forth,
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damned soul to hell!

BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power;
The heav'ns may frown, the earth for anger quake:
But such a star hath influence on his sword,
As rules the skies and countermands the Gods,
More than Cimmerian Styx or destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror live,*
Gripping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
And have no hope to end our extacies.

ZAB. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infamous, monstrous slaveries.
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,

* Live is here substituted for *aie* in the 8vo. and *aye* in the 4to.

Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium!
Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars, slaves!
Why live we, Bajazet, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?

BAJ. O life, more loathsome to my vexed thoughts
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian snakes,
Which fill the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathed sight
That see my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accursed beams
And sink not quite into my tortured soul?
You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and propped by the hand of fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,
Smeared with blots of basest drudgery
And villainess to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accursed Bajazet, whose words of ruth,
(That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears;)
Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root,
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break;

O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shorten'd sequel of my life
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate,
Of our expressless hard * inflictions.

ZAB. Sweet Bajazet! I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.

[*She goes out.*

BAJ. Now, Bajazet, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat the brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome Heavens!
Let ugly darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists!
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps!
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pin'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold

* *band*, in both the 8vo. and 4to.

Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life!

[He brains himself against the cage.]

Enter ZABINA.

ZAB. What do mine eyes behold? my husband
dead!

His skull all riv'n in twain! his brains dash'd out,
The brains of Bajazet, my lord and sovereign:
O, Bajazet, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazet! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? not I. Bring milk and fire, and
my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces, and
give me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it.
Down with him! Down with him!—Go to, my child!
Away! Away! Away!—Ah, save that infant! save
him, save him!—I, even I, speak to her,—the sun
was down.—Streamers white, red, black—here, here,
here!—Fling the meat in his face, Tamburlaine.—
Tamburlaine!—Let the soldiers be cursed.—Hell!
Death, Tamburlaine, Hell!—Make ready my coach,
my chair, my jewels.—I come! I come! I come!

[She runs against the cage and brains herself.]

Enter ZENOCRATE with ANIPPE.

ZENO. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dy'd with Egyptian blood,
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
Thy streets strewed with dissever'd joints of men
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life;
But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop
Of heav'nly virgins and unspotted maids,

(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death:
For ev'ry fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamp't on others with their thund'ring hoofs,
When all their riders charg'd their quiv'ring spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.—
Oh, Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life; or ought save thine own love.
But see another bloody spectacle!
Ah, wretched eyes, the en'mies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

ANIPPE. No breath, nor sense, nor motion, in
them both;

Ah, madam! this their slav'ry hath enforc'd,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

ZENO. Earth, cast up fountains from thy entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!
Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their birth
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!

Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!
That fight'st for sceptres and for fickle crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows,
And yet would'st shun the wav'ring turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love!—Oh, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,
Be equally against his life incens'd,
In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!
And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth
To see them live so long in misery!
Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

ANIPPE. Madam, content yourself, and be resolv'd
Your love hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter PHILEMUS, a Messenger.

ZENO. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

PHIL. Madam, your father, and th' Arabian king
The first affecter of your excellence,
Come now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armed with lance into th' Ægyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

ZENO. Now shame and duty, love and fear present
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory
When my poor pleasures are divided thus
And rack'd by duty from my cursed heart?
My father and my first-betrothed love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world:
But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil
Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love,
So for a final issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless pow'rs
With virtue of a gentle victory
Conclude a league of honour to my hope;
Then, as the Pow'rs divine have pre-ordain'd,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

[They sound to the battle: and Tamburlaine enjoys the victory; after, the KING OF ARABIA enters wounded.]

K. OF ARAB. What cursed power guides the murthering hands
Of this infamous tyrant's soldiers,
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold

That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Ev'n so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

ZENO. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord.
Behold Zenocrate! the cursed object,
Whose fortunes never mastered her griefs;
Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me.

K. OF ARAB. Then shall I die with full, contented
heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah! that the deadly pangs, I suffer now,
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents,
Have chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bondage;
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserv'd contentment, and thy love;
But making now a virtue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me farther cause of joy,
Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

[*He dies.*]

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *leading the* SOLDAN;

TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *with others.*

TAMB. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldan's name.

Though my right hand has thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

ZENO. O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dang'rous battle of my conq'ring love!

SOLD. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.

TAMB. 'Twas I, my lord, that got the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirm'd the Egyptian crown.
The God of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me gen'ral of the world:
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my pow'r should pull him from his throne.
Where'er I come the fatal sisters sweat,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains;
Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasping
wounds,
Been oft resolv'd in bloody, purple show'rs,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,

Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.
And see, my 'ord, a sight of strange import;
Emp'rors and kings lie breathless at my feet:
The Turk and his great Emp'ress, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desp'rately despatch'd their slavish lives:
With them Arabia, too, has left his life:
All sights of pow'r to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honour, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.

SOLD. Mighty hath God and Mah'met made thy
hand,

Renowned Tamburlaine! to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate.

TAMB. Her state and person want no pomp, you
see;

And for all blot of foul in chastity
I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear:
Then let me find no farther time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown.
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crown'd for proved worthiness,

Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here the Queen of Persia.

What say the noble Soldan and Zenocrate?

SOLD. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

TAMB. Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

ZENO. Else should I much forget myself, my lord.

THER. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long has linger'd for so high a seat.

TECH. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

USUM. And here's the crown, my lord; help set
it on.

TAMB. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd.
As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or, as Latona's daughters, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conqu'ring mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Ægyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western India,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire:
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks

Of Ganges shall his mighty hand extend.
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environed with troops of noblemen:
And there make laws to rule your provinces.
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post;
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first-betrothed love, Arabia,
Shall be with honour, as beseems, entomb'd
With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.
Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnize.*

* The word *celebrated* occurs in both the old editions before "rites," but may well be dispensed with as regards both the sense and measure.

THE SECOND PART
OF
TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

The second part of the bloody conquests of Mightie Tamburlaine: with his impassioned fury for the death of his ladie and love the faire Zenocrate: his form of exhortation and discipline to his three Sons, and the manner of his own death.

[No date to the 12mo edition, but published, as appears from the printer's preface, at the same time as the first part.]

PROLOGUE.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine receiv'd,
When he arrived last upon the stage,
Hath made our poet pen his second part,
Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murd'rous fate throws all his triumph down.
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her sad funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TAMBURLAINE.

CALYPHAS, }
AMYRAS, } *His three Sons.*
CELEBINUS, }

TECHELLES, }
THERIDAMAS, } *His Generals.*
USUMCASANE, }

ORCANES, *King of Natolia.*

KING OF JERUSALEM.

KING OF TREBIZOND.

KING OF SYRIA.

GAZELLUS, *Viceroy of Byron.**

URIBASSA.

SIGISMUND, *King of Hungary.*

FREDERICK, }
BALDWIN, } *Lords of Buda and Bohemia.*

PERDICAS, *Servant to Calyphas.*

GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.

MAXIMUS.

CALLAPINE, *Emperor of the Turks.*

ALMEDA, *his Keeper.*

KING OF AMASIA.

PHYSICIAN.

CAPTAIN.

ZENOCRATE, *Tamburlaine's Queen.*

OLYMPIA, *the Captain's Wife.*

* Byron is much more like an English or French than an Oriental name: it is perhaps Bihra or Bir, Anglecised.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

PART THE SECOND.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

ORCANES, *King of Natolia*, GAZELLUS, *Viceroy of Byron*, URIBASSA, and their *Train, with Drums and Trumpets*.

ORC. Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts !
Plac'd by the issue of great Bajazet,
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
Who lives in Egypt, prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage ;—
Now have we march'd from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What ! Shall we parley with the Christian ?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field ?

GAZ. King of Natolia, let us treat of peace ;
We all are glutted with the Christian's blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,—

Proud Tamburlaine, that, now in Asia,
Near Gihon's head doth set his conq'ring feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes.

'Gainst him, my lord, you must address your power.

URI. Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from
Christendom,

More than his camp of stout Hungarians,—
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the halberd, lance, and murd'ring axe,
Will hazard that we might with safety hold.

ORC. Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Grantland, compass'd with the Frozen Sea,
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as huge Polypheme,)
Millions of soldiers cut the arctick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champaign'd mead a bloody fen.
Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizond,*
Shall carry, wrapt within his scarlet waves,
As martial presents to our friends at home,
The slaughter'd bodies of these Christians.
The Tyrrhene main, wherein Danubius falls,
Shall, by this battle, be the bloody sea.
The wand'ring sailors of proud Italy

* The geographical knowledge of the author, is by no means accurate. Poets do not in general write by the map, and it may be observed, once for all, that any attempt to reconcile all the geographical descriptions and allusions of this author, with the actual state of the globe, would be a fruitless task.

Shall meet those Christians, fleeing with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their Argosies,
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
Trapp'd with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woeful mourning weed.

GAZ. Yet, stout Orcanes, Prorex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath muster'd all his men,
Marching from Cairo northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
'Tis requisite to parley for a peace
With Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

ORC. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
My realm, the centre of our empery,
Being lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Sclavonians, Almaines, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
Fear not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine,
Nor he, but fortune, that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanees,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Syrians, black Egyptians.

GAZ. And we from Europe, to the same intent,
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
Yet scarce enough t' encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the oriental plage

Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boist'rous blows,
That never seaman yet discovered.
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropick,
To Amazonia, under Capricorn;
And thence as far as Archipelago,
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine;
Therefore, viceroy, the Christians must have peace.
*Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, and
their Train, with Drums and Trumpets.*

SIG. Orcanes, (as our legates promis'd thee)
We, with our peers, have cross'd Danubius' stream,
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans us'd,
I here present thee with a naked sword;
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;
If peace, restore it to my hands again,
And I will sheathe it, to confirm the same.

ORC. Stay, Sigismund! forget'st thou I am he
That with the cannon shook Vienna's walls,
And made it dance upon the continent,
As when the massy substance of the earth
Quivers about the axle-tree of heaven?
Forget'st thou that I sent a show'r of darts,
Mingled with powder'd shot and feather'd steel,
So thick upon the blink-ey'd burghers' heads,
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,
The King of Boheme, and the Austrick Duke,
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees,

In all your names desir'd a truce of me?
Forget'st thou, that to have me raise my siege,
Waggons of gold were set before my tents,
Stamp'd with the princely fowl, that in her wings,
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?

SIG. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king,
And what we did was in extremity.
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host,
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdad's lofty tower;
Or as the ocean, to the traveller
That rests upon the snowy Appenines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
As treat of peace with the Natolian king.

GAZ. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parley might become you both.

FRED. And we from Europe, to the same intent,
Which if your general refuse or scorn,
Our tents are pitch'd, our men stand in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

ORC. So prest are we; but yet, if Sigismund
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword,—let peace be ratified
On these conditions, specified before,
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.

SIG. Then here I sheath it, and give thee my hand,
Never to draw it out, or manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates,
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.

ORC. But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of heav'n and by thy Christ.

SIG. By Him that made the world and sav'd my
soul,
The Son of God and issue of a maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.

ORC. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately Mecca's temple-roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable;
Of whose condition and our solemn oaths,
Sign'd with our hands each shall retain a scroll
As memorable witness of our league.
Now Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius' stream,
And they will (trembling) sound a quick retreat;
So am I fear'd among all nations.

SIG. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And back'd by stout lancers of Germany,

The strength and sinews of the Imperial seat.

ORC. I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
All Asia minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thund'ring drums.
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents;
I will dispatch chief of my army hence
To fair Natolia and to Trebizond,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine.
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

CALLAPINE *with* ALMEDA, *his Keeper, discovered.*

CALL. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthless plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazet,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detain'd by cruel Tamburlaine.

ALM. My lord, I pity it, and with all my heart
Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renowned Tamburlaine,
Forbids you farther liberty than this.

CALL. Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,
I know thou would'st depart from hence with me.

ALM. Not for all Afric: therefore move me not.

CALL. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.

ALM. No speech to that end, by your favour, sir.

CALL. By Cairo runs—

ALM. No talk of running, I tell you, sir.

CALL. A little farther, gentle Almeda.

ALM. Well, sir, what of this?

CALL. By Cairo runs to Alexandria bay
Darote's streams, wherein at anchor lies
A Turkish gallery of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river's side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd,
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Tyrrhene sea,
Whence,* 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnish'd gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command;
A thousand gallies, mann'd with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the straits,
And bring armados from the coasts of Spain
Fraughted with gold of rich America;
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in musick and in am'rous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl
Or lovely Io metamorphosed.
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets
The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels
With Turkey carpets shall be covered,
And cloth of Arras hung about the walls,

* Where, in both the old editions.

Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
A hundred bashas, cloth'd in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchas'd with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phœbus, leaping from the hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to th' Antipodes,—
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

ALM. How far hence lies the galley, say you?

CALL. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from
hence.

ALM. But need we not be spied going aboard?

CALL. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crooked landing of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tackling down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

ALM. I like that well: but tell me, my lord, if I
should let you go, would you be as good as your
word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?

CALL. As I am Callapine, the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
Thou shalt be crown'd a king, and be my mate.

ALM. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
(For that's the style and title I have yet,)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again.

CALL. Thanks, gentle Almeda; then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and ling'ring let us both.

ALM. When you will, my lord; I am ready.

CALL. Ev'n straight; and farewell, cursed Tamburlaine.

Now go I to revenge my father's death. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, with ZENOCRATE and his three Sons, CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, and CELEBINUS, with Drums and Trumpets.

TAMB. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a chrystal livery;
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa's plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire parts,
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world.

ZENO. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave
these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
And dang'rous chances of the wrathful war?

TAMB. When heav'n shall cease to move on both
the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the horned moon,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen;
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,

When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes,
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdu'd,
Plac'd by her side, look on their mother's face:
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:
Water and air, being symboliz'd in one,
Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair as white as milk and soft as down,
(Which should be like the quills of porcupines
As black as jet and hard as iron or steel)
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars;
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Would make me think them bastards not my sons,
But that I know they issu'd from thy womb
That never look'd on man but Tamburlaine.

ZENO. My gracious lord, they have their mother's
looks,

But, when they list, their conq'ring father's heart.
This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
Which, when he tainted with his slender rod,
He rein'd him straight and made him so curvet,
As I cry'd out for fear he should have fall'n.

TAMB. Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield
and lance,

Armour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle axe,
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmless run among the deadly pikes.

If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
Keeping in iron cages emperors.

If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth
And shine in complete virtue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mother's womb.

CEL. Yes, father; you shall see me, if I live,
Have under me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.

TAMB. These words assure me, boy, thou art my
son.

When I am old and cannot manage arms,
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.

AMY. Why may not I my lord, as well as he,
Be term'd the scourge and terror of the world?

TAMB. Be all a scourge and terror to the world,
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.

CAL. But while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother;
They are enough to conquer all the world,
And you have now enough for me to keep.

TAMB. Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward's
loins,
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine;
Of all the provinces I have subdu'd,
Thou shalt not have a foot unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible:
For he shall wear the crown of Persia

Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most
wounds,

Which being wroth sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty;

For in a field, whose superficies*
Is cover'd with a liquid purple veil
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughter'd men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanc'd;
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood.

ZENO. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons
Dismay their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.

CEL. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us,
For if his chair were in a sea of blood
I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

AMY. And I would strive to swim through pools
of blood,
Or make a bridge of murder'd carcasses,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

TAMB. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emp'rors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from East to West;
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,

* Superfluities, in the old editions.

And cleave his pericranium with thy sword.

CAL. If any man will hold him, I will strike
And cleave him to the channel * with my sword.

TAMB. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave
thee,

For we will march against them presently.

Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promis'd to meet me on Larissa's plains
With hosts a-piece against this Turkish crew;
For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
To make it parcel of my empery;
The trumpets sound, Zenocrate; they come.

*Enter THERIDAMAS, and his train, with Drums and
Trumpets.*

TAMB. Welcome, Theridamas, king of Argier.

THER. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,—
Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

TAMB. Thanks, good Theridamas.

THER. Under my colours march ten thousand
Greeks;

And of Argier's and Afric's frontier towns
Twice twenty thousand valiant men at arms,
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.
Five hundred brigantines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
That launching from Argier to Tripoli,

* The breast-bone.

Will quickly ride before Natolia
And batter down the castles on the shore.

TAMB. Well said, Argier; receive thy crown again.

Enter TEHELLES and USUMCASANE, together.

TAMB. Kings of Morocco and of Fez, welcome.

USUM. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine!
I and my neighbour king of Fez have brought
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert soldiers;
From Azamor to Tunis near the sea
Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.

TAMB. Thanks, king of Morocco, take your crown
again.

TECH. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fez,
And with an host of Moors train'd to the war,
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal Jove
Meaning to aid thee in these Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong Tesella unto Biledule
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

TAMB. Thanks, king of Fez; take here thy crown
again.

Your presence, loving friends and fellow kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy.
If all the chrystal gates of Jove's high court
Were open'd wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of Heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains awhile,
And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall,
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome.
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his winged messenger
To bid me sheathe the sword and leave the field;
The sun unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in Thetis' wat'ry lap,
And leave his steeds to fair Bootes' charge;
For half the world shall perish in this fight.
But now, my friends, let me examine ye;
How have ye spent your absent time from me?

USUM. My lord, our men of Barbary have march'd
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
And lain in leager fifteen months and more;
For since we left you at the Soldan's court,
We have subdu'd the southern Galatia,
And all the land unto the coasts of Spain,

We kept the narrow straits of Gibraltar,
And made Canaria call us kings and lords;
Yet never did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest awhile, my lord.

TAMB. They shall, Casane, and 'tis time i'faith.

TECH. And I have march'd along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian Priest,
Call'd John the Great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown.
From thence unto Cafates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field,
With whom, being women, I vouchsaf'd a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
The western part of Afric, where I view'd
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land;
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where unresisted, I removed my camp;
And by the coast of Biafar, at last
I came to Guber, where the Negroes dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to Nubia.
There, having sack'd Borno the kingly seat,
I took the king and led him bound in chains
Unto Damascus, where I staid before.

TAMB. Well done, Techelles. What saith Theri-
damas?

THER. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,

And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the river, Tyras, I subdu'd
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;
Thence cross'd the sea and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Sylva, where the devils dance,
Which in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I cross'd the gulf call'd by the name
Mare Majore, of the inhabitants.
Yet shall my soldiers make no period,
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

TAMB. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse;
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Aye, liquid gold, (when we have conquer'd him)
Mingl'd with coral and with orient pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the while. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, and
their Train.*

SIG. Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?

FRED. Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heath'nish Turks and Pagans lately made,
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
And almost to the very walls of Rome,
They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
It resteth now then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows for Tamburlaine's repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismiss'd the greatest part
Of all his army, pitch'd against our pow'r,
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsaria,
To aid the kings of Syria and Jerusalem.
Now then, my lord, advantage take thereof,
And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the Pagan troop,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

SIG. But calls not then your grace to memory,
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.

BALD. No whit, my lord, for with such infidels,

In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments,
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;
But as the faith, which they profanely plight,
Is not by necessary policy
To be esteem'd assurance for ourselves,
So we that vow to them, should not infringe
Our liberty of arms or victory.

SIG. Though I confess the oaths they undertake
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honours, and religion,
Should not give us presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be continueate,
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.

FRED. Assure your grace 'tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to 'venge our Christians' death,
And scourge their foul blasphemous Paganism,
As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest,
And jealous anger of his fearful arm,
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinful heads,
If we neglect this offer'd victory.

SIG. Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
With expedition to assail the Pagan,
And take the victory our God hath giv'n. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, and URIBASSA, with
their Trains.*

ORC. Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminius' mount,
To fair Natolia, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
T' encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And, with the thunder of his martial tools
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heavens.

GAZ. And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater pow'r than erst his pride hath felt.
An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
An hundred thousand subjects to each score,
Which, if a show'r of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crests,
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.

URI. Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made, for joy of your admitted truce,
That could not but before be terrified
With unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
The treach'rous army of the Christians,

Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.

ORC. Traitors! villains! damned Christians!
Have I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we've both confirm'd,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?

GAZ. Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And care so little for their prophet, Christ!

ORC. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God!
Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to everliving Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretched arm;
If he be jealous of his name and honour,
As is our holy prophet, Mahomet;—
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servants' perjury.

[*He tears to pieces the articles of peace.*]

Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from th' empyreal heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But ev'ry where fills ev'ry continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
May in his endless power and purity,
Behold and 'venge this traitor's perjury!

Thou Christ, that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now reveng'd upon this traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind,
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustless force of those false Christians.
To arms, my lords! On Christ still let us cry!
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

*Alarums.—They go out.—Enter SIGISMUND,
wounded.*

SIG. Discomfited is all the Christian host,
And God hath thunder'd vengeance from on high,
For my accurs'd and hateful perjury.
O, just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel,
In this my mortal well-deserved wound,
End all my penance in my sudden death!
And let this death, wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy! [*He dies.*
Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, URIBASSA, and others.

ORC. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath been my friend.

GAZ. See here the perjur'd traitor, Hungary,
Bloody and breathless for his villainy.

ORC. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe
Through shady leaves of ev'ry senseless tree,
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,

And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoacum*, that fruit of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is engraft'd,
Yet flourishes as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul through Orcus' burning gulph,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end.
What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil
Which we referr'd to justice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?

GAZ. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
Whose power has often prov'd a miracle.

ORC. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,
Not doing Mahomet an injury,
Whose pow'r had share in this our victory;
And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,
We will, both watch and ward shall keep his trunk
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.
Go, Uribassa, give it straight in charge.

URI. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

ORC. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
Our army, and our brothers, of Jerusalem,
Of Syria, Trebizond, and Amasia,
And happily with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate. [Exeunt.]

* *Zoacum* or *Zakkúm*.—The description of this tree is taken from a fable in the Koran, chap. 37.

SCENE III.

ZENOCRATE *is discovered in her Bed of State*; TAMBURLAINE *sitting by her*; three PHYSICIANS *about her bed, tempering potions*; THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *and the three Sons.*

TAMB. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,
That danc'd with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflam'd his beams;
And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
And temper'd every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heav'n,
As centinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently look'd upon this loathsome earth
Shine downward now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
The crystal spring, whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver, runs through Paradise,

To entertain divine Zenocrate.

The cherubims and holy seraphims,

That sing and play before the King of Kings,

Use all their voices and their instruments

To entertain divine Zenocrate.

And in this sweet and curious harmony,

The God that tunes this music to our souls,

Holds out his hand in highest majesty

To entertain divine Zenocrate.

Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts

Up to the palace of th' empyreal heav'n,

That this my life may be as short to me

As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.

Physicians, will no physic do her good?

PHYS. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive:
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

TAMB. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

ZENO. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane with enforc'd and necessary change.

TAMB. May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phœbus and the fixed stars!
Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark
As when, oppos'd in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.

Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author of my death!

ZENO. Live still, my lord! Oh, let my sovereign live!
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,
Turn'd to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die, my love; yes, let me die;
With love and patience let your true love die!
Your grief and fury hurt my second life.—
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
But since my life is lengthen'd yet awhile,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lord, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell! In death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellency.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

[*They call for music.*]

TAMB. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God:
Now are those spheres, where Cupid us'd to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supply'd with pale and ghastly death,

Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven ;
And had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, (whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Illiades ;
Her name had been in ev'ry line he wrote.
Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd awhile on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd ;
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of ev'ry epigram or elegy.

[*The music sounds.—Zenocrate dies.*]

What ! is she dead ? Techelles, draw thy sword
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the fatal sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate,
Casane and Theridamas, to arms !
Raise cavalieros* higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heav'n ;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For am'rous Jove hath snatch'd my love from
hence,

Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What God soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,

* *Cavalieros*---cavalier, French ; a platform for great guns.

Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heav'n, and live with me again.

HER. Ah, good my lord, be patient; she is dead,
And all this raging can not make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have water'd all the earth;
If grief, our murder'd hearts have strain'd forth blood;
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

TAMB. For she is dead! Thy words do pierce my
soul!

Ah, sweet Theridamas! say so no more;
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou (*To the body.*) shalt stay
with me,
Embalm'd with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus
We both will rest and have our epitaph
Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquer'd kingdoms with my sword.
This cursed town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereav'd me of my love:

The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourn'd ;
And here will I set up her statue,
And march about it with my mourning camp
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate. [*The Scene closes.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter the Kings of TREBIZOND and SYRIA, one bearing a sword, and another a sceptre ; next NATOLIA and JERUSALEM, with the imperial Crown ; after CALLAPINE, and after him other Lords. ORCANES and JERUSALEM crown him, and the others give him the sceptre.

ORC. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor, Bajazet, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Syria, Amasia, Thracia, Ilyria, Carmonia, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father. Long live Callapinus, emperor of Turkey.

CALL. Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest, I will requite your royal gratitudes
With all the benefits my empire yields ;
And were the sinews of th' imperial seat
So knit and strengthen'd as when Bajazet
My royal lord and father fill'd the throne,

Whose cursed fate hath so dismember'd it,
Then should you see this chief of Scythia,
This proud, usurping king of Persia,
Do us such honour and supremacy,
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the book of base-born infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Have so provided for this cursed foe,
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazet,
(An emperor so honour'd for his virtues,)
Revives the spirits of true Turkish hearts,
In grievous mem'ry of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud fortune, who hath follow'd long
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
Will now retain her old inconstancy,
And raise our honours to as high a pitch,
In this our strong and fortunate encounter;
For so hath heaven provided my escape,
From all the cruelty my soul sustain'd,
By this my friendly keeper's happy means,
That Jove, surcharg'd with pity of our wrongs,
Will pour it down in showers on our heads,
Scourging the pride of Tamburlaine.

ORC. I have a hundred thousand men in arms :
Some, that in conquest of the perjur'd Christian;
Being a handful to a mighty host,
Think them in number yet sufficient
To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,

And for their power know to win the world.

TER. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Judæa, Gaza, and Sclavonia's bounds,
That on mount Sinai with their ensigns spread,
Look like the parti-coloured clouds of heaven
That show fair weather to the neighbour morn.

TREB. And I as many bring from Trebizond,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia
All bord'ring on the Mare Major sea,
Riso, Sancina, and the bord'ring towns
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames,
The cursed Scythian sets on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.

SYR. From Syria with seventy thousand strong
Ta'en from Aleppo, Saldino, Tripoli,
And so unto my city of Damascus,
I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings;
All which will join against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.

ORC. Our battle then in martial manner pitch'd
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled moon,
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
The poison'd brains of this proud Scythian.

CALL. Well then, my noble lords, for this my
friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,
I think it requisite and honourable,
To keep my promise and to make him king,

That is a gentleman, I know, at least.

ALM. That is no matter, sir, for being a king ;
For Tamburlaine came up from nothing.

JER. Your majesty may choose some pointed
time,

Performing all your promise to the full ;

'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.

CALL. Then will I shortly keep my promise,
Almeda.

ALM. Why, I thank your majesty. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Enter TAMBURLAINE with USUMCASANE, and his
three Sons, four bearing the hearse of Zenocrate,
and the drums sounding a doleful march ; the town
burning.*

TAM. So burn the turrets of this cursed town,
Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors may presage
Death and destruction to the inhabitants !
Over my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heaven be dissolv'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threat'ning a death and famine to this land !
Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunderbolts,
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as
black

As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compass'd with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,

Because my dear'st Zenocrate is dead.

CAL. This pillar, plac'd in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ :—
This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.

AMY. And here this mournful streamer shall be
 plac'd,
Wrought with the Persian and th' Ægyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the monarch of the East.

CEL. And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfections.

TAMB. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To show her beauty which the world admir'd ;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
That, hanging here, will draw the gods from heaven,
And cause the stars fix'd in the southern arc,
(Whose lovely faces never any view'd
That have not pass'd the centre's latitude)
As pilgrims travel to our hemisphere,
Only to gaze upon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautify Larissa's plains,
But keep within the circle of mine arms.
At ev'ry town and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent ;
And when I meet an army in the field,
Whose looks will shed such influence in my camp,
As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
Threw naked swords and sulphur-balls of fire
Upon the heads of all our enemies.

And now, my lords, advance your spears again :
Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now ;
Boys, leave to mourn ! this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.

CAL. If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
It would not ease the sorrows I sustain.

AMY. As is that town, so is my heart consum'd
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.

CEL. My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.

TAMB. But now, my boys, leave off and list to
me,

That mean to teach you rudiments of war ;
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour thorough wat'ry fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war,
And after this to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next the way to fortify your men ;
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best ;
For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas the fort may fittest be assail'd,
And sharpest where th' assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep ; the counterscarps
Narrow and steep ; the walls made high and broad ;
The bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,

And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins* and cover'd ways,
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers,
Casemates to place the great artillery,
And store of ordinance, that from ev'ry flank
May scour the outward curtain of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save their walls from breach.
When this is learn'd for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fenc'd with the concave of a monstrous rock,
Invisible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

CAL. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done;
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

TAMB. Villain! Art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with the curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shatter'd limbs, being toss'd as high as heave

* *Argins*---*argine*, Ital. An embankment, a rampart.

And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquer'd kings,
And, with his host, march'd round about the earth,
Quite void of scars, and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[He cuts his arm.]

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chain of gold, enamelled,
Enchas'd with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sate down cloth'd with a massy robe,
That late adorn'd the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think you of a wound?

CAL. I know not what I should think of it;

Methinks it is a pitiful sight.

CEL. This? nothing: give me a wound, father.

AMY. And me another, my lord.

TAMB. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

CEL. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

TAMB. It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound;
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desp'rate through the thickest dregs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa's walls,
My speech of war, and this my wound, you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine!
Usuncasane, now come, let us march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we have sent before to fire the towns,
The tow'rs and cities of these hateful Turks,
And hunt that coward, faint-heart runaway,
With that accursed traitor Almeda,
Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.

USUM. I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betray'd my gracious sovereign,—
That curs'd and damned traitor Almeda.

TAMB. Then let us see if coward Callapine
Dare levy arms against our puissance,
That we may tread upon his captive neck,
And treble all his father's slaveries. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter TEHELLES, THERIDAMAS, and their Train.

THER. Thus have we march'd northward from
Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier port of Syria;
And this is Balsora, their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

TECH. Then let us bring our light artillery,
Minions, Falc'nets, and Sakers*, to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
And enter in to seize upon the gold.
How say you, soldiers, shall we not?

SOLD. Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.

THER. But stay awhile; summon a parley, drum.
It may be they will yield it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friends to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls with such a mighty pow'r.

[A parley sounded.—Captain appears on the walls, with Olympia, his wife and son.]

CAPT. What require you, my masters?

THER. Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.

CAPT. To you! Why, do you think me weary of it?

TECH. Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine.

THER. The pioneers of Argier in Africa,
Even in the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than the fort,
And over thy Argins and cover'd ways

* *Minions, Falc'nets, and Sakers.* All small pieces of ordnance.

Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Vollies of ordnance, till the breach be made
That with his ruin fills up all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heav'n itself
Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.

TECH. Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden
pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls,
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor any issue forth but they shall die;
And, therefore, captain, yield it quietly.

CAPT. Were you, that are the friends of Tambur-
laine,
Brothers of holy Mahomet himself,
I would not yield it; therefore do your worst:
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys that come,
Yet I am resolute and so farewell.

*[Captain, Olympia, and their son, retire from
the walls.]*

THER. Pioneers, away! and where I stuck the
stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescrib'd.
Cast up the earth towards the castle walls,
Which, till it may defend you, labour low,
And few or none shall perish by the shot.

P10. We will, my lord. *[Exeunt Pioneers.]*

TECH. A hundred horse shall scout about the
plains,

To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
Both we, Theridamas, will intrench our men,
And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point blank into their castle.

THER. Then see the bringing of our ordinance
 Along the trench into the battery,
 Where we will have gallions of six foot broad,
 To save our cannoniers from musket shot.
 Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
 And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
 The crack, the echo, and the soldier's cry,
 Make deaf the air and dim the chrystal sky.

TECH. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently ;
And, soldiers, play the men ; the hold is yours !

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Re-enter the CAPTAIN, with OLYMPIA,
and his SON.*

OLYM. Come, good, my lord, and let us haste
from hence

Along the cave that leads beyond the foe;
No hope is left to save this conquer'd hold.

CAPT. A deadly bullet, gliding through my side,
Lies heavy at my heart ; I cannot live.
I feel my liver pierc'd, and all my veins,
That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bath'd
In blood that straineth from their orifice.

Farewell, sweet wife ! sweet son, farewell ! I die !

[*He dies.*]

OLYM. Death, whither art thou gone, that both
we live ?

Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both !
One minute end our days ! and one sepulchre
Contain our bodies ! Death, why com'st thou not ?
Well, this must be the messenger for thee :
Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains.
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die ?
These barb'rous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
And else invent some torture worse than that ;
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy iv'ry throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

SON. Mother despatch me, or I'll kill myself ;
For think you I can live and see him dead ?
Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home :
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me.
Sweet mother, strike, that I may see my father.

[*She stabs him, and he dies.*]

OLYM. Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Entreat a pardon of the God of heaven,
And purge my soul before it come to thee.

[*She burns the bodies of her husband and son, and
then attempts to kill herself.*]

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, and all their Train.

THER. How now, madam, what are you doing?

OLYM. Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.

TECH. 'Twas bravely done, and, like a soldier's
wife.

Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
Who, when he hears how resolute thou art,
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.

OLYM. My lord deceas'd was dearer unto me
Than any viceroy, king, or emperor;
And for his sake here will I end my days.

THER. But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man, greater than Mahomet,
In whose high looks is much more majesty,
Than from the concave superficies
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
Unto the shining bow'r where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a chrystal robe;
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
On whom Death and the Fatal sisters wait
With naked swords and scarlet liveries:
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strews the way with brains of slaughter'd men;
By whose proud side the ugly furies run,

Heark'ning when he shall bid them plague the world ;
Over whose zenith, cloth'd in windy air,
And eagle's wings join'd to her feather'd breast,
Fame hov'reth, sounding of her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven,
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread,
And him, fair lady, shall thine eyes behold. Come !

OLYM. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay
And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.

TECH. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both,
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which Nature hath show'd more skill
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
Drawing from it the shining lamps of heaven.

THER. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us—no remedy.

OLYM. Then carry me, I care not, where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

TECH. No, madam, but the beginning of your
joy:
Come willingly therefore.

THER. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold and silver, and the pearl, ye got,

Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares :
This lady shall have twice so much again
Out of the coffers of our treasury. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Enter CALLAPINE, ORCANES, ALMEDA, and the
KINGS of JERUSALEM, TREBIZOND and SYRIA,
with their Trains.—To them enter a MESSENGER.*

MES. Renowned emperor, mighty Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over half the world !
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this King of Persia,
(In numbers more than are the quiv'ring leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and overrun the land.

CALL. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the vallies, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men !
Whet all your swords, to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers ;
By Mahomet ! not one of them shall live ;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory !

ORC. Now, he that calls himself the scourge of
Jove,

The emp'ror of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils, (knowing he must die
Here, in Natolia, by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

CALL. Tell us, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteem'd.

JER. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed to your majesty.

ORC. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

TREB. From Trebizond, in Asia the Less,
Naturaliz'd Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my band, full fifty thousand more
(That fighting know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

SYR. Of Syrians from Halla is repair'd,
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we number'd to your majesty;
So that the royal army is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

CALL. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death.

Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
(The Persians' sepulchre) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Enter TAMBURLAINE and his three Sons, USUMCASANE, &c.

TAMB. How now, Casane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.

USUM. My lord, your presence makes them pale
and wan:

Poor souls! they look as if their deaths were near.

TAMB. And so it is, Casane; I am here;
But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves.
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
As Hector did, unto the Grecian camp,
To over dare the pride of Græcia,
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame:
I do you honour in the simile;
For if I should, as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandish'd sword,)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.

ORC. Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou would'st with overmatch of person fight;
But shepherd's issue, base-born Tamburlaine,

Think of thy end ! this sword shall lance thy throat.

TAMB. Villain ! the shepherd's issue (at whose birth

Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
And join'd those stars that shall be opposite,
Even till the dissolution of the world,
And never meant to make a conqueror
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine)
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That, like a roguish runaway, suborn'd
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.

CALL. Rail not, vile Scythian ! I shall now revenge

My father's vile abuses, and mine own.

JER. By Mahomet ! he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
And turn him to his ancient trade again :
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.

CALL. Nay, when the battle ends, all we will
meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain
That most may vex his body and his soul.

TAMB. Sirrah, Callapine ! I'll hang a clog about
your
Neck for running away ; again you shall
Not trouble me thus to come and fetch you ;
But as for you, viceroys, you shall have bits,

And, harness'd like my horses, draw my coach;
And when ye stay, be lash'd with whips of wire.
I'll have you learn to feed on provender
And in a stable lie upon the planks.

ORC. But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneel to
us,
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.

TREB. The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto our gen'ral's tent.

SYR. And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.

TAMB. Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I
shall
Have occasion shortly to journey you.

CEL. See, father, how Almeda the jailor looks
upon us.

TAMB. Villain! traitor! damned fugitive!
I'll make thee wish the earth did swallow thee,
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock!
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart
T' appease my wrath! or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be rack'd and beat asunder with the wheel;
For, if thou liv'st, not any element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

CALL. Well, in despite of thee he shall be king.
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me,
I here invest thee king of Ariadan

Bord'ring on Mare Rosso, near to Mecca.

ORC. What! Take it, man.

ALM. Good my lord, let me take it.

CALL. Dost thou ask him leave? Here; take it.

TAMB. Go to, sirrah, take your crown, and make
up the half dozen.

So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must give arms.

ORC. So he shall and wear thy head in his
scutcheon.

TAMB. No; let him hang a bunch of keys on his
standard

To put him remembrance he was a jailor, that
When I take him, I may knock out his brains
With them, and lock you in the stable, when you
Shall come sweating from my chariot.

TREB. Away; let us to the field, that the villain
may be slain.

TAMB. Sirrah, prepare whips and bring my
chariot to my tent,

For as soon as the battle is done,
I'll ride in triumph through the camp.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, and their Train.

How now, ye petty kings? Lo, here are bugs
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,
And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet.

Welcome, Theridamas and Techelles, both!

See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

THER. Aye, my Lord; he was Callapine's keeper.

TAM. Well, now ye see he is a king. Look to him,
Theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he

Hide his crown as the foolish king of Persia did.

SYR. No, Tamburlaine ; he shall not be put to
that exigent, I warrant thee.

TAM. You know not, sir.

But now, my followers and my loving friends,

Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,

The glory of this happy day is yours.

My stern aspect shall make fair victory,

Hov'ring betwixt our armies, light on me

Laden with laurel wreaths to crown us all.

TECH. I smile to think how, when this field is fought

And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat

With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.

TAMB. You shall be princes all, immediately ;

Come, fight ye Turks, or yield us victory.

ORC. No ; we will meet thee, slavish Tambur-
laine. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Alarums.—AMYRAS and CELEBINUS issue from the
tent where CALPHAS sits asleep.

AMY. Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of heaven.

Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,

That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,

And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.

CEL. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

AMY. Brother! Ho! what given so much to sleep,
You cannot leave it, when our enemies' drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
Our proper ruins and our father's foil?

CAL. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish valourous than manly wise.
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare the foe.
You do dishonour to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.

AMY. What! Dar'st thou then be absent from the
field,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords.

CAL. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me;
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

CEL. O cowardly boy! Fie! for shame come
forth;
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.

CAL. Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both,

And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mars.
'Twill please my mind as well to hear, both you
Have won a heap of honour in the field
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

AMY. You will not go then?

CAL. You say true.

AMY. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turn'd into pearl and proffer'd for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he proposed for us.

CAL. Take you the honour, I will take my ease;
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice.
I go into the field before I need!

[*Alarums.—Amyras and Celebinus exeunt.*]

The bullets fly at random where they list;
And should I go and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far, than he that never fights;
And should I go and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm which all the good I have,
Join'd with my father's crown, would never cure.
I will to cards. Perdicas.

PERD. Here, my lord.

CAL. Come thou and I will go away to cards to
drive away the time.

PERD. Content, my lord: but what shall we play for?

CAL. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turk's concubines first, when my father hath conquer'd them.

PERD. Agreed, i'faith. [They play.]

CAL. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little their taratantaras, their swords or their cannons as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, and, for fear I should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

PERD. Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.

CAL. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battle once to try my valour. [Alarms.] What a coil they keep! I believe there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, and CELEBINUS, *leading the Turkish kings.*

TAMB. See how, ye slaves, my children, stoop your pride,
And lead your bodies sheeplike to the sword.
Bring them my boys, and tell me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be train'd in arms and chivalry?

AMY. Shall we let go these kings again, my lord,

To gather greater numbers 'gainst our power,
That they may say it is not chance doth this,
But matchless strength and magnanimity?

TAMB. No, no, Amyras; tempt not fortune so:
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes.
But where's this coward villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty?

[He goes in and brings him out.]

Image of sloth, and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scorn of my renown!
How may my heart, thus fired with my eyes,
Wounded with shame and kill'd with discontent,
Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?

THER. Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.

TECH. AND USUM. Let all of us entreat your
highness' pardon.

TAMB. Stand by, ye base, unworthy soldiers!
Know ye not yet the argument of arms?

AMY. Good my lord, let him be forgiv'n for once,
And we will force him to the field hereafter.

TAMB. Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye
arms,

And what the jealousy of wars must do.
O Samarcanda, (where I breathed first
And joy'd the fire of this martial flesh)
Blush, blush, fair city, at thine honour's foil
And shame of nature, which Jakertis' stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,

Can never wash from thy distained brows !
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again ;
A form not meet to give that subject essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine ;
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy pow'r against thy throne.
That I might move the turning spheres of heav'n !
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet ! thy mighty friend, I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damned idleness,
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemy
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas bears ;
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seen : *
And now, ye canker'd curs of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun ;
Now you shall see the strength of Tamburlaine,

* *for being seen*—that thou mayest not be seen. So in Spenser's Mother Hubbard's Tale.

“ Upon his tiptoes nicely up he went
For making noise.”——

And, by the state of his supremacy, [*Stabs Calyphas.*]

Approve the diff'rence 'twixt himself and you.

ORC. Thou show'st the diff'rence 'twixt ourselves
and thee,

In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.

JER. Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly heaven, fill'd with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And, with our bloods, revenge our blood on thee.

TAMB. Villains ! these terrors and these tyrannies,
(If tyrannies, wars' justice ye repute)
I execute, enjoin'd me from above,
To scourge the pride of such as heav'n abhors ;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
Crown'd and invested by the hand of Jove
For deeds of bounty and nobility ;
But since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God, and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such peasants as resisting me,
[Resist] the pow'r of Heav'n's eternal majesty.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Usumcasane,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common soldier shall defile

His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best;
Meanwhile, take him in.

SOLD. We will, my lord.

JER. O damned monster! Nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet impos'd with such a bitter hate!

ORC. Revenge it, Rhadamanth and Æacus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,
Expel the hate wherewith he pains our souls.

TREB. May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight, compos'd of fury and of fire,
Doth send such stern affections to his heart.

SYR. May never spirit, vein, or artier, feed
The cursed substance of that cruel heart!
But, wanting moisture and remorseful blood,
Dry up with anger, and consume with heat.

TAMB. Well, bark, ye dogs; I'll bridle all your
tongues,
And bind them close with bits of burnish'd steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
And, with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
The far-resounding torments ye sustain:
As when an herd of lusty Cymbrian bulls
Run mourning round about, the females miss,
And stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing;
I will, with engines never exercis'd,

Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the Heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet,
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist, a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the tow'rs of Heav'n)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wond'rous victories.
Come, bring them in to our pavilion. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

OLYMPIA *discovered alone.*

OLYM. Distress'd Olympia, whose weeping eyes,
Since thy arrival here beheld no sun,
But clos'd within the compass of the tent,
Have stain'd thy cheeks, and made thee look like
death,
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee;
And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish tears
Affords no herbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells and vapours to infect thee,

Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee ;
Let this invention be the instrument.

Enter THERIDAMAS.

THER. Well met, Olympia ; I sought thee in my
tent,
But when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light ;
Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing am'rous love had sent his son,
The winged Hermes, to convey thee hence ;
But now I find thee, and that fear is past.
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit ?

OLYM. My lord and husband's death, with my
sweet son's,
(With whom I buried all affections
Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart)
Forbid my mind to entertain a thought
That tends to love, but meditate on death,
A fitter subject for a pensive soul.

THER. Olympia, pity him, in whom thy looks
Have greater operation and more force
Than Cynthia's in the wat'ry wilderness,
For with thy view my joys are at the full,
And ebb again as thou departest from me.

OLYM. Ah, pity me, my lord ! and draw your
sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soul,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my loving son.

THER. Nothing but still thy husband and thy son !

Leave this, my love, and listen more to me.
Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier;
And cloth'd in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my court
Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,
Commanding all thy princely eye desires;
And I will cast off arms to sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.

OLYM. No such discourse is pleasant in mine ears,
But that where ev'ry period ends with death,
And ev'ry line begins with death again.
I cannot love, to be an emperess.

THER. Nay, lady, then, if nothing will prevail,
I'll use some other means to make you yield:
Such is the sudden fury of my love,
I must and will be pleas'd, and you shall yield:
Come to the tent again.

OLYM. Stay now, my lord; if you will save my
honour,
I'll give your grace a present of such price,
As all the world can not afford the like.

THER. What is it?

OLYM. An ointment which a cunning alchymist,
Distilled from the purest balsamum
And simplest extracts of all minerals,
In which th' essential form of marble stone,
Temper'd by science metaphysical,
And spells of magic from the mouths of spirits,
With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,
Nor pistols, sword, nor lance, can pierce your flesh.

THEER. Why, madam, think you to mock me thus palpably?

OLYM. To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat, Which, when you stab, look on your weapon's point, And you shall see't rebated with the blow.

THEER. Why gave you not your husband some of it,
If you loved him, and it so precious?

OLYM. My purpose, was my lord, to spend it so, But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present, easy proof thereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me.

THEER. I will, Olympia, and I'll keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.

[She anoints her throat.]

OLYM. Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,
That will be blunted if the blow be great.

THEER. Here then, Olympia. *[Stabs her.]*
What, have I slain her! Villain, stab thyself;
Cut off this arm that murdered thy love,
In whom the learned Rabbis of this age
Might find as many wondrous miracles
As in the Theoria of the world.
Now hell is fairer than Elysium;
A greater lamp than that bright eye of heaven,
From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damned souls are free from pain,
For every fury gazeth on her looks;

Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity;
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pomp
The treasure of this kingdom may afford.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter TAMBURLAINE drawn in his Chariot by the Kings of Trebizond, and Syria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them, accompanied with TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS: NATOLIA and JERUSALEM led by five or six common Soldiers.

TAMB. Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heav'n,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton, that they knew their strengths

Were not subdu'd with valour more divine
Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadell;
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
And see the figure of my dignity
By which I hold my name and majesty!

AMY. Let me have coach, my lord, that I may
ride,
And thus be drawn by these two idle kings.

TAMB. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy;
They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refresh'd.

ORC. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot,
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

HER. Your majesty must get some bits for these,

To bridle their contemptuous, cursing tongues,
That, like unruly, never-broken jades,
Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixed bounds exceedingly.

TECH. Nay, we will break the hedges of their
mouths,
And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.

USUM. Your majesty already hath devis'd
A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

CEL. How like you that, sir king? why speak ye
not?

JER. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his cursed father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!

TAMB. Aye, Turk, I tell thee, this same boy is he
That must (advanc'd in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsack'd,
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the fair Aldeboron,
Above the threefold Astracism of heav'n,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now, fetch me out the Turkish concubines;
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestow'd on my abortive son.

[*The Concubines are brought in.*]

Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?

SOLD. Here, my lord.

TAMB. Hold ye, tall soldiers, take ye queens a piece—

I mean such queens as were king's concubines—
Take them ; divide them, and their jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.

SOLD. We thank you.

TAMB. Brawl not (I warn you) for your lechery :
For ev'ry man that so offends shall die.

ORC. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless dames
The violence of thy common soldier's lust ?

TAMB. Live continent * then, ye slaves, and meet
not me

With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.

LADIES. O pity us, my lord, and save our honours.

TAMB. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your
spoils? [*They run away with the ladies.*]

JER. O merciless, infernal cruelty !

TAMB. Save your honours ! 'Twere but time in-
deed,

Lost long before ye knew what honours meant.

THER. It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,
And make us jesting pageants for their trulls.

TAMB. And now themselves shall make our
pageants,

And common soldiers jest with all their trulls.

Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,

* The old editions read content.

Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.

TECH. Let us not be idle then, my lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.

TAMB. We will, Techelles. Forward then, ye jades.
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble, when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controuleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
The Tyrrhene, west; the Caspian, north north-east;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
Shall all be laden with the martial spoils,
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city, Samarcanda,
And chrystal waves of fresh Jakertis' stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the farthest continents,
For there my palace-royal shall be plac'd,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion's tow'r to hell.
Thorough the streets, with troops of conquer'd kings,
I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me emp'ror of the three-fold world,
Like to an almond tree, mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever green Selinis quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Hericina's brows,

Whose tender blossoms tremble ev'ry one,
 At ev'ry little breath that thorough heav'n is blown.*
 Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
 Mounted, his shining chariots gilt with fire,
 And drawn with princely eagles through the path,
 Pay'd with bright chrystal, and enchas'd with stars,
 When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
 So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
 Until my soul, dissever'd from this flesh,

* This simile is borrowed from the following stanza in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

“ Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bunch of heares discolour'd diversly,
 With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake and seem'd to dance for jollity,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one

At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.”

Both the play and this part of the *Faerie Queene* were published in 1590, but from the letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to the latter, we may presume that it was published early in that year. That the simile was borrowed from Spenser, either by the author of the play, or more probably by some interpolator, is evident from the following circumstances:—The versification of the dramatist is generally correct, and almost invariably consists of lines of ten syllables, but finding in the fifth line of this stanza the word ‘ymounted,’ and probably considering it to be too obsolete for the stage he has dropped the initial letter leaving only nine syllables and an unrythmical line: 2. He has at the end of his image adopted Spenser's, concluding Alexandrine, which is, I think, an insulated instance of the use of a line of that length throughout the play.

Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
To Babylon, my lords ; to Babylon. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*Enter the GOVERNOR OF BABYLON, MAXIMUS,
and others, upon the Walls.*

Gov. What saith Maximus ?

MAX. My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Gives such assurance of our overthrow,
That little hope is left to save our lives,
Or hold our city from the conqueror's hands.
Then hang out flags, my lord, of humble truce,
And satisfy the people's general pray'rs,
That Tamburlaine's intolerable wrath
May be suppress'd by our submission.

Gov. Villain, respect'st thou more thy slavish life
Than honour of thy country or thy name ?
Are not my life and state as dear to me,
The city and my native country's weal
As any thing of price in thy conceit ?
Have we not hope, for all our batter'd walls,
To live secure and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walls afresh with ev'ry thing that falls
Into the liquid substance of his stream
More strong than are the gates of death or hell?

What faintness should dismay our courages
When we are thus defenc'd against our foes,
And have no terror but his threat'ning look.

*Enter another CITIZEN, who kneels to the
Governor.*

CIT. My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge for our lives,
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state was ever pitied and reliev'd,
Would get his pardon if your grace would send.

Gov. How is my soul environed !
And this eterniz'd city, Babylon,
Fill'd with a pack of faint heart fugitives
That thus entreat their shame and servitude !

CIT. My lord, if ever ye will win our hearts,
Yield up the town and save our wives and children ;
For I will cast myself from off these walls
Or die some death of quickest violence
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Gov. Villains ! cowards ! traitors to our state !
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains ;
I care not, nor the town will never yield,
As long as any life is in my breast.

*Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, and SOLDIERS,
without the walls.*

HER. Thou desperate governor of Babylon,
To save thy life, and us a little labour,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forc'd with pains,
More exquisite than ever traitor felt.

Gov. Tyrant! I turn the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee.
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.

TECH. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
Thou seest us prest to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parley.

Gov. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.

[Alarms : and they scale the walls.]

*Enter TAMBURLAINE, USUMCASANE, AMYRAS,
and CELEBINUS, NATOLIA, JERUSALEM, &c.*

TAMB. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,
Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,
Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake
And make a bridge unto the batter'd walls.
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumph Tamburlaine—
Whose chariot wheels have burst th' Assyrians' bones
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcases.
Now in the place, where fair Semiramis,

Courted by kings and peers of Asia,
Hath trod the measures, I and my soldiers march;
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

*Enter THERIDAMAS and TECHELLES, bringing in
the GOVERNOR of Babylon.*

Who have ye there, my lords?

THER. The sturdy governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labour for the town,
And us'd such slender reck'ning of your majesty."

TAMB. Go, bind the traitor; he shall hang in
chains

Upon the ruins of this conquer'd town.
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents,
(Which threaten'd more than if the region
Next underneath the element of fire
Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth,
Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,
The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,
That with his sword hath quell'd all earthly kings
Could not persuade you to submission,
But still the ports were shut; villain! I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple-headed Cerberus would howl
And wake black Jove to crouch and kneel to me;
But I have sent vollies of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

Gov. Nor, if my body could have stopp'd the
breach,

Should'st thou have enter'd, cruel Tamburlaine.

'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,

Nor yet thyself, the anger of the highest ;

For though thy cannon shook the city walls,

My heart did never quake, nor courage faint.

TAMB. Well, now I'll make it quake ; go draw
him up,

Hang him in chains upon the city walls,

And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

Gov. Vile monster ! born of some infernal hag,

And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,

Do all thy worst ; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,

Torture, nor pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.

TAMB. Up with him then ; his body shall be
sear'd.

Gov. But, Tamburlaine ; in Limnaspaltis' lake

There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,

Which, when the city was besieg'd, I hid.

Save but my life and I will give it thee.

TAMB. Then for all your valour you would save
your life ?

Where about lies it ?

Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite

Against the Western gate of Babylon.

TAMB. Go thither, some of you, and take his gold ;

The rest forward with th' execution.

Away with him hence, let him speak no more.

I think I make your courage something quail.

When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia.

[They hang up the Governor in chains.]

These jades are broken-winded and half-tir'd,
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.

TREB. Wild tyrant! barb'rous bloody Tamburlaine!

TAMB. Take them away, Theridamas; see them
despatch'd.

THER. I will, my lord.

[Exit, with the Kings of Trebizond and Syria.]

TAMB. Come, Asian viceroys; to your tasks
awhile,

And take such fortune as your fellows felt.

ORC. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our
limbs,

Rather than we should draw thy chariot,
And like base slaves abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude,

JER. Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,
That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.
A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.

AMY. They will talk still, my lord, if you don't
bridle them.

TAMB. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

[They bridle them.]

AMY. See now, my lord, how brave the captain
hangs.

TAMB. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy; well done.
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.

THER. Then have at him to begin withal.

[*Therid. shoots.*

Gov. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.

TAMB. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid
gold,
And offer'd me as ransom for thy life,
Yet should'st thou die. Shoot at him all at once.

[*They shoot.*

So, now he hangs like Bagdad's governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh
As there be breaches in the batter'd walls.
Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to command the city, I will build
A citadel that all Africa,
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.

TECH. What shall be done with their wives and
children, my lord?

TAMB. Techelles, drown them all, man, woman,
and child.

Leave not a Babylonian in the town.

TECH. I will about it straight. Come, soldiers.

[*Exit, with Soldiers.*

TAMB. Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books

Found in the temples of that Mahomet,
Whom I have thought a god ? They shall be burnt.

USUM. Here they are, my lord.

TAMB. Well said ; let there be a fire presently.
In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet :

My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slain all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouch'd by Mahomet.

There is a God, full of revengeful wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose scourge I am, and him will I obey :

So, Casane, fling them in the fire.

Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
Come down thyself and work a miracle.

Thou art not worthy to be worshipped.

That suffer'st flame of fire to burn the writ

Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.

Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down

To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,

Where men report thou sit'st by God himself ?

Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine

That shakes his sword against thy majesty,

And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws ?

Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell ;

He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine ;

Seek out another Godhead to adore,

The God that sits in heav'n, if any God ;

For he is God alone, and none but he.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

TECH. I have fulfill'd your highness' will, my lord.

Thousands of men, drown'd in Asphaltis' lake,
Have made the waters swell above the banks,
And fishes, fed by human carcasses,
Amaz'd, swim up and down upon the waves,
As when they swallow assafœtida,
Which makes them fleet aloft and gape for air.

TAMB. Well then, my friendly lords, what more
remains,
But that we leave sufficient garrison,
And presently depart to Persia
To triumph after all our victories?

THER. Aye, good my lord; let us in haste to Persia,
And let this captain be remov'd the walls
To some high hill above the city here.

TAMB. Let it be so; about it soldiers;
But stay; I feel myself distemper'd suddenly.

TECH. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?

TAMB. Something, Techelles; but I know not
what—

But forth, ye vassals, whatsoe'er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Enter CALLAPINE, AMASIA, and Soldiers, with
drums and trumpets.*

CALL. King of Amasia, now our mighty host
Marcheth in Asia Major where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly run,
And here we may behold great Babylon
Circl'd about with Limnasphaltis' lake
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,

Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him
Before his host be full from Babylon,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.

AMA. Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer
him.

The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell,
And that vile carcase drawn by warlike kings
The fowls shall eat; for never sepulchre
Shall grace that base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.

CALL. When I record my parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My viceroy's bondage under Tamburlaine,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths
To be reveng'd of all his villainy.
Ah, sacred Mahomet! thou that hast seen
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sack'd and burnt,
And but one post is left to honour thee,
Aid thy obedient servant, Callapine,
And make him after all these overthrows
To triumph over cursed Tamburlaine.

AMA. Fear not, my lord; I see great Mahomet
Clothed in purple clouds, and on his head
A chaplet brighter than Apollo's crown,
Marching about the air with armed men
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.

Renowned general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your pow'r,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.

CALL. Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismay'd the world
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes again, and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
Before himself or his be conquer'd.
This is the time that must eternize me
For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoin'd again at full,
Assail it and be sure of victory. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and* USUM-
CASANE.

THER. Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid
tears!

Fall stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air.
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
For hell and darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And death with armies of Cimmerian spirits
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine.
Now in defiance of that wonted love
Your sacred virtues pour'd upon his throne
And made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards invisible assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
But if he die your glories are disgrac'd;
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is plac'd.

TECH. O then, ye pow'rs that sway eternal seats
And guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retain desert of holiness
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,—
Bear not the burthen of your en'mies joys
Triumphing in his fall you most advanc'd,
But as his birth, life, health and majesty
Were strangely blest and governed by heaven,
So honour heaven (till heaven dissolved be)
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!

USUM. Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy
name!

To see thy footstool set upon thy head!
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast

Sustain a shame of such inexcellence,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell.
And though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
(Thy instrument and note of majesty,)
Is greater far than they can thus subdue:
For if he die thy glory is disgrac'd;
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is plac'd.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, AMYRAS, and PHYSICIAN.

TAMB. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tam burlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been term'd the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul.
Come, let us march against the pow'rs of Heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.
Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come carry me to war against the gods
That envy thus the health of Tamburlaine.

THER. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient
words,

Which add much danger to your malady.

TAMB. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
Come, let us charge our spears, and pierce his breast,

Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
That, if I perish, heav'n and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove,
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

TECH. Sit still, my gracious lord ; this grief will
cease,

And can not last, it is so violent.

TAMB. Not last, Techelles?—No ! for I shall die.
See, where my slave, the ugly monster, death,
Shaking and quiv'ring, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murd'ring dart,
Who flies away at ev'ry glance I give,
And, when I look away, comes stealing on.
Villain, away, and hie thee to the field !
I and mine army come to load thy back
With souls of thousand mangled carcasses.
Look, where he goes ; but see, he comes again,
Because I stay : Techelles, let us march
And weary death with bearing souls to hell.

PHY. Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.

TAMB. Tell me what think you of my sickness
now ?

PHY. I view'd your urine, and the hypostasis
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great ;
Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried.
The humidum and calor, which some hold

Are not a parcel of the elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Are almost clean extinguished and spent;
Which, being the cause of life, imports your death.
Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
Dang'rous to those whose crisis is as yours;
Your artiers, which along the veins convey
The lively spirits which thy heart engenders,
Are parch'd and void of spirit, that the soul,
Wanting these organisms by which it moves,
Can not endure, by argument of art.
Yet, if your majesty may 'scape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

TAMB. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live, in spite of death, above a day.

[*Alarums within.*

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled
from your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army,
and hearing your absence in the field, offers to set
upon us presently.

TAMB. See, my physicians now, how Jove hath
sent

A present medicine to recure my pain,
My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.

USUM. I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

TAMB. I know it will, Casane. Draw, you slaves;
In spite of death, I will go shew my face.

[*Alarums.—Tamburlaine goes out, and comes
in with the rest.*]

TAMB. Thus are the villain cowards fled for faar,
Like summer vapours vanish'd by the sun;
And could I but awhile pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent.
In vain I strive and rail against those pow'rs,
That mean t'invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

[*One brings a map.*]

Here I began to march tow'rds Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence to Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
Thence march'd I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Tyrrhene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India,
From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquer'd all as far as Zanzibar.

Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Grecia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backwards and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
Unto the rising of the earthly globe;
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes.

And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from the Antartick Pole eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky;
And shall I die, and this unconquered?

Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death

AMY. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding
hearts

Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life.

Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorp'rate in your flesh.

CEL. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope
survives,

For by your life we entertain our lives:

TAMB. But sons, this subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions unto both your breasts;
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds immortally.
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son.
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die.
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.

THER. Woeful change, my lords; it daunts our
thoughts,
More than the ruin of our proper souls.

TAMB. Sit up, my son, [and] let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.

[*They crown Amyras.*]

AMY. With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burthen of my soul,
If not resolv'd into resolved pains,
My body's mortified laments*
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the joy of any dignity!†
O father! if the unrelenting ears

* Lineament in the 8vo.

† The meaning of this sentence is too obscure for ordinary comprehension—'it is past finding out.'

Of death and hell be shut against my pray'rs,
And that the spiteful influence of Heaven,
Deny my soul fruition of her joy ;
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty.

TAMB. Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
That nobly must admit necessity.
Sit up, my boy, and with these silken reins
Bridle the steeled stomachs of these jades.

THER. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.

AMY. Heav'ns witness me with what a broken
heart

And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony !

TAMB. Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate ;
Let it be plac'd by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.

USUM. Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts, all drown'd in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery ?

TAMB. Casane, no ; the monarch of the earth,
And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
Can not behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.

TECH. Then let some God oppose his holy pow'r
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenched hate
May be upon himself reverberate !

[They bring in the hearse.]

TAMB. Now eyes enjoy your latest benefit,
And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heav'n of joy.
So reign, my son, scourge and controul those slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
As that which Clymene's brain-sick son did guide,
When wand'ring Phœbus' iv'ry cheeks were scorch'd,
And all the earth, like Ætna, breathing fire ;
Be warn'd by him, then ; learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his ;
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phœbus' beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee piecemeal like Hippolitus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian
cliffs.

The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than Heav'n's coach the pride of Phaeton.
Farewel, my boys ! my dearest friends farewell !
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see

Your sweet desires depriv'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.

[*He dies.*

AMY. Meet heaven and earth, and here let all
things end,

For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And Heav'n consum'd his choicest living fire.
Let earth and Heav'n his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more.

Your sweet spirit's dream of me
For Tamborella, the dream of me,
[The dream]
And, with its own soft breath, and here for all

For every heart that beats the pulse of all the world,
And every soul that longs for light and love,
Let earth and heaven be hallowed by its light,
For both are yours, and yours are both the light and love.

And every heart that beats the pulse of all the world,
And every soul that longs for light and love,
Let earth and heaven be hallowed by its light,
For both are yours, and yours are both the light and love.

And every heart that beats the pulse of all the world,
And every soul that longs for light and love,
Let earth and heaven be hallowed by its light,
For both are yours, and yours are both the light and love.

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And every soul that longs for light and love,
Let earth and heaven be hallowed by its light,
For both are yours, and yours are both the light and love.

And every heart that beats the pulse of all the world,
And every soul that longs for light and love,
Let earth and heaven be hallowed by its light,
For both are yours, and yours are both the light and love.

And every heart that beats the pulse of all the world,
And every soul that longs for light and love,
Let earth and heaven be hallowed by its light,
For both are yours, and yours are both the light and love.

THE
JEW OF MALTA.

The Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta. As it was played before the King and Queene, in His Majesties theatre at White-Hall, by Her Majesties Servants at the Cock-pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. London: Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the Church. 1633. 4to.

[This play was acted, as appears by Henslowe's MS. on the 26 February, 1591; was entered at Stationers' Hall, in May 1594, but was not printed until 1633; when Thomas Heywood, the dramatic poet, having produced it both before the court, and at the cock-pit, published it with the prologues and epilogues, spoken on those occasions. It was also revived on the stage, a few years ago, for the purpose of exhibiting the powers of a celebrated actor, in the character of Barabas, the Jew.]

TO

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MR. THOMAS HAMMON,

Of Gray's Inn, &c.

THIS play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr. Marlowe; and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as Mr. Allen, being in this later age commended to the stage; as I usher'd it unto the court, and presented it to the cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loth it should be published without the ornament of an epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage; I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom, none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligation, by which, he rests still engaged; who as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus:

THO. HEYWOOD.

THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

GRACIOUS and Great, that we so boldly dare,
(’Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this ; writ many years ago,
And in that age, thought second unto none ;
We humbly crave your pardon : we pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who liv’d in Malta : you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavel ;
And that’s his character. He that hath past
So many censures, is now come at last
To have your princely ears ; grace you him then ;
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE.

It is our fear (dread sovereign) we have been
Too tedious ; neither can’t be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience : If we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave :
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act and speak, what others write.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE,
AT THE COCK-PIT.

WE know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets * in that age
The Malta Jew had being, and was made ;
And he, then by the best of actors † play'd :
In Hero and Leander, one did gain
A lasting memory : in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit, in him ‡ who doth personate
Our Jew this day, nor is it his ambition
To exceed or equal, being of condition
More modest; this is all that he intends,
(And that too, at the urgency of some friends)
To prove his best, and if none here gain-say it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

EPILOGUE.

IN graving, with Pygmalion to contend ;
Or painting, with Apelles ; doubtless the end
Must be disgrace : our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.
Nor think that this day any prize was play'd ;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid ;
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you, (by me) 'twas well,

* Marlowe. † Allen. ‡ Richard Perkins.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MACHIAVEL, *the Prologue.*

BARABAS, *the Jew.*

FERNEZE, *Governor of Malta.*

SELIM CALYMATH, *Son of the Grand Seignior.*

DON LODOWICK, *the Governor's Son, in love with
Abigail.*

DON MATHIAS, *also in love with her.*

MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *Vice-Admiral of Spain.*

ITHAMORE, *Barabas' Slave.*

BARNARDINO, } *Friars.*
JACOMO,

PILIA-BORSA, *a Bully.*

TWO MERCHANTS.

THREE JEWS.

BASHAWS, KNIGHTS, OFFICERS, READER, &c.

ABIGAIL, *the Jews' Daughter.*

ABBESS.

TWO NUNS.

BELLAMIRA, *a Courtezan.*

Scene — Malta.

THE
JEW OF MALTA.

Enter MACHIAVEL.

PROLOGUE.

MACHIAVEL. Albeit the world thinks Machiavel
is dead, ⁴⁷⁸

Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And now the Guise is dead, is come from France,
To view this land, and frolick with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious,
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most.
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet they will read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair : and when they cast me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past ;
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries :
Many will talk of title to a crown.

What right had Cæsar to the empire*?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most
sure
When like the Draco's they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had Phalaris observ'd,
He had never bellow'd in a brazen bull,
Of great one's envy; o' th' poor petty wights,
Let me be envy'd and not pitied!
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he favours me.

* *Empire.* The termination *ire*, was commonly used as a dissyllable, as in the word *fire*, which is so used several times in *Tamburlaine*. In the same manner the word *empire* ought in this place to be pronounced as a trissyllable, or it may have been a misprint for *empery*, which is equally commonly written for *empire*.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter BARABAS in his counting house, with heaps of gold before him.

BAR. So that of thus much that return was made:
And of the third part of the Persian ships,
There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils, and wines of Greece,
Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tired,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loth to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without controul can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a carat of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth :
And thus methinks should men of judgement frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind ?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?
Ha ! to the east ? yes : see how stand the vanes ?
East and by south : why then I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus winding banks :
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here ? How now.

Enter a MERCHANT.

MERCH. Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta Road : and all the merchants
With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them.

BAR. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly
fraught.

MERCH. They are.

BAR. Why then go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry :
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that ?

MERCH. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

BAR. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee,
man :

Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas ?

MERCH. I go.

BAR. So then, there's somewhat come.
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of ?

MERCH. Of the Speranza, sir.

BAR. And saw'st thou not mine argosy at Alex-
andria ?

Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main.
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

MERCH. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them :
But this we heard some of our seamen say,

They wondered how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far.

BAR. Tush! they are wise, I know her and her
strength.

But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in. [*Exit Merch.*]
And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Enter a second MERCHANT.

2 MERCH. Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know Barabas doth ride in Malta Road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

BAR. How chance you came not with those other
ships
That sail'd by Egypt?

2 MERCH. Sir, we saw 'em not.

BAR. Belike they coasted round by Candy shore
About their oils, or other businesses.
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

2. MERCH. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish
fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the gallies of the Turk in chase.

BAR. Oh they were going up to Sicily: well, go
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch
And come ashore, and see the freight discharg'd.

2 MERCH. I go. [*Exit.*]

BAR. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and
sea,

And thus are we on every side enrich'd:
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness:
What more may heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Hapily some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation:
I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Aye, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault: Alas, our number's few,
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,

That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigene:
And all I have is hers. But who comes here?

Enter three JEWS.

1 JEW. Tush! tell not me 'twas done of policy.

2 JEW. Come therefore let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs;
And here he comes.

BAR. Why how now countrymen?
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?

1 JEW. A fleet of warlike gallies, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

BAR. Why let 'em come, so they come not to war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors:
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

[Aside.

1 JEW. Were it for confirmation of a league,
'They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2 JEW. I fear their coming will afflict us all.

BAR. Fond men! what dream you of their multitudes,
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The Turks and those of Malta are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

1 JEW. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

BAR. Happily for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice by the Adriatick sea;
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

3 JEW. And very wisely said, it may be so.

2 JEW. But there's a meeting in the senate-house,
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

BAR. Hum; all the Jews in Malta must be there?
Aye, like enough, why then let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state
Assure yourselves I'll look unto myself.

1 JEW. I know you will; well brethren let us go.

2 JEW. Let's take our leaves; farewell good
Barabas.

BAR. Do so; farewell Zaareth, farewell Temainte.

[*Exeunt Jews.*

And Barabas now search this secret out.
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute all in policy, I fear,
The Turk has let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town: Aye, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,
Warily/guarding that which I have got.

Ego mihimet sum semper proximus.

Why let 'em enter, let 'em take the town. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter GOVERNOR of MALTA, KNIGHTS, *met by*
BASHAWS of the TURK; CALYMATH, and
OFFICERS.

Gov. Now Bashaws, what demand you at our
hands?

BAS. Know Knights of Malta, that we came
from Rhodes
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Gov. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other
Isles

To us, or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

CAL. The ten years tribute that remains unpaid.

Gov. Alas! my lord, the sum is over great,
I hope your highness will consider us.

CAL. I wish, grave governors, 'twere in my
power

To favour you, but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay I dare not dally.

Gov. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.

CAL. Stand all aside, and let the knights deter-
mine,

And send to keep our gallies under sail,
For hapily we shall not tarry here:
Now governors how are you resolv'd?

Gov. Thus: since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.

BASS. That's more than is in our commission.

CAL. What, Callapine! a little courtesy.

Let's know their time, perhaps it is not long;

And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace

Than to enforce conditions by constraint.

What respite ask you governors?

Gov. But a month.

CAL. We grant a month, but see you keep your
promise.

Now launch our gallies back again, to sea,

Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,

And for the money send our messenger.

Farewell great governors, and brave Knights of
Malta. [Exeunt.]

Gov. And all good fortune wait on Calymath.

Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:

Were they not summon'd to appear to day?

OFF. They were my lord, and here they come.

Enter BARABAS, and three JEWS.

1 KNIGHT. Have you determin'd what to say to
them?

Gov. Yes, give me leave, and Hebrews, now come
near.

From the emperor of Turkey is arriv'd

Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,

To levy of us ten years' tribute past,

Now then, here know that it concerneth us.

BAR. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet
still,

Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

Gov. Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.
To what this ten years' tribute will amount
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid.

BAR. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers:
And what's our aid against so great a prince?

1 KNIGHT. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no
soldier;

Thou art a merchant, and a monied man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

BAR. How, my lord, my money?

Gov. Thine and the rest.

For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had,

BAR. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor.

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions.

BAR. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?

2 KNIGHT. Have strangers leave with us to get
their wealth?

Then let them with us contribute.

BAR. How, equally?

Gov. No, Jew, like infidels.

For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursed in the sight of heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'n,
And therefore thus we are determined.
Read there the articles of our decrees.

READER. First, the tribute money of the Turks
shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and each of
them to pay one half of his estate.

BAR. How, half his estate? I hope you mean not mine.

Gov. Read on.

READER. Secondly, he that denies to pay, shall straight become a Christian.

BAR. How! a Christian? Hum, what's here to do?

READER. Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.

ALL 3 JEWS. Oh, my lord, we will give half.

BAR. O earth-metall'd villains, and no Hebrews born!

And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?

Gov. Why Barabas wilt thou be christen'd?

BAR. No, governor, I will be no convertite.

Gov. Then pay thy half.

BAR. Why know you what you did by this device?

Half of my substance is a city's wealth.

Governor, it was not got so easily;

Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

Gov. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree,
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

BAR. *Corpo di Dio!* stay! you shall have half,
Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.

Gov. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd.

BAR. Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?

Gov. No, Jew, we take particularly thine

To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet Barabas we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still; and if thou canst, get more.

BAR. Christians, what, or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.

I KNIGHT. From nought at first thou cam'st to
little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

BAR. What? bring you scripture to confirm your
wrongs?

Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live:
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Gov. Out wretched Barabas! sham'st thou not
thus

To justify thyself, as if we knew not
Thy profession? If thou rely upon thy righteous-
ness,

Be patient and thy riches will increase.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness:

And covetousness, oh, 'tis a monstrous sin.

BAR. Aye, but theft is worse: tush! take not
from me then,

For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal and compass more.

1 KNIGHT. Grave governors, list not to his ex-
claims

Convert his mansion to a nunnery,
His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Enter OFFICERS.

Gov. It shall be so:

Now, officers, have you done?

OFF. Aye, my lord, we have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which being valued
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.
And of the other we have seized half.

Gov. Then we'll take order for the residue.*

BAR. Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And having all, you can request no more;

Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Gov. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.

BAR. Why I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men,
Than be the causers of their misery,

* This line in the 4to. is erroneously given to the officer.

You have my wealth the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Gov. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast nought
but right.

BAR. Your extreme right does me exceeding
wrong :

But take it to you i' the devil's name.

Gov. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 KNIGHT. 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto :
For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy. [Exeunt.

BAR. Aye, policy ? that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor*.
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

1 JEW. Oh yet be patient, gentle Barabas.

BAR. O silly brethren, born to see this day !
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments ?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs ?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress ?

1 JEW. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this :
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

BAR. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all.

1 JEW. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job,

BAR. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me.

2 JEW. Good Barabas be patient.

BAR. Aye, I pray leave me in my patience.
You that were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd
with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
And knows no means of his recovery:

Aye, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak ;
Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

1 JEW. Come, let us leave him in this ireful mood,
Our words will but increase his extasy.

2 JEW. On then; but trust me 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction:
Farewell Barabas!

[*Exeunt.*]

BAR. Aye, fare you well.
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay
That will with every water wash to dirt :
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come :
For evils are apt to happen every day—
But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?

Enter ABIGAIL, the Jew's daughter.

Oh ! what has made my lovely daughter sad ?
What ? woman, moan not for a little loss :
Thy father hath enough in store for thee.

ABIG. Not for myself, but aged Barabas,
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail :
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears ;
And urg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,

And rend their hearts with tearing of my hair.
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

BAR. No, Abigail, things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.
Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me.
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

ABIG. Where father?

BAR. In my house, my girl.

ABIG. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas :
For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.

BAR. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.

ABIG. That may they not :
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me ; and of thy house they mean
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect
Must enter in ; men generally barr'd.

BAR. My gold ! my gold ! and all my wealth is
gone.
You partial heavens, have I deserv'd this plague ?
What will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty ?

And knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was.
No, I will live ; nor loath I this my life :
And since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.
Daughter ! I have it : thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressed me :
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.

ABIG. Father, whate'er it be to injure them
That have so manifestly wronged us,
What will not Abigail attempt ?

BAR. Why, so ; then thus, thou told'st me they
have turn'd my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there.

ABIG. I did.

BAR. Then, Abigail, there must my girl
Intreat the abbess to be entertain'd.

ABIG. How, as a nun ?

BAR. Aye, daughter, for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

ABIG. Aye, but father they will suspect me there.

BAR. Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness.
Intreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.

ABIG. Thus father shall I much dissemble.

BAR. Tush! as good dissemble that thou never
mean'st,

As first mean truth and then dissemble it,—

A counterfeit profession is better

Than unseen hypocrisy.

ABIG. Well father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?

BAR. This shall follow then;

There have I hid close underneath the plank

That runs along the upper chamber floor,

The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.

But here they come; be cunning, Abigail.

ABIG. Then father go with me.

BAR. No, Abigail, in this

It is not necessary I be seen.

For I will seem offended with thee for't.

Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

Enter three FRIARS and two NUNS.

1 FRI. Sisters, we now are almost at the new-made
nunnery.

1 NUN. The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

1 FRI. But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.

NUN. It may be so; but who comes here?

ABIG. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins guide,
Pity the state of a distressed maid.

ABB. What art thou daughter?

ABIG. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometime the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.

ABB. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with
us?

ABIG. Fearing the afflictions which my father
feels,
Proceed from sin, or want of faith in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

1 FRI. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of
the spirit.

2 FRI. Aye, and of a moving spirit too, brother
but come,

Let us intreat she may be entertain'd.

ABB. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

ABIG. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie,
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

BAR. As much I hope as all I hid is worth. [*Aside.*]

ABB. Come, daughter, follow us.

BAR. Why how now, Abigail, what mak'st thou
Amongst these hateful Christians?

1 FRI. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.

BAR. How, mortified!

1 FRI. And is admitted to the sisterhood.

BAR. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy.

ABIG. Father, give me— *[She goes to him.]*

BAR. *[Whispers to her.]* Nay, back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold,
The board is marked thus that covers it.
Away accursed from thy father's sight.

1 FRI. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

BAR. Blind friar, I reckon not thy persuasions,
(The board is marked thus † that covers it,)
[Aside to his daughter.]

For I had rather die, than see her thus.
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seduced daughter? *(Go, forget not.)* *[Aside to her.]*
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?
(To-morrow early I'll be at the door.) *[Aside to her.]*
No, come not at me, if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me see me not, and so be gone.
(Farewell, remember to-morrow morning.) *[Aside.]*

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's
daughter
Become a nun, her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her and brought her down to this:

Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons:
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. Why, how now, Don Mathias in a dump?

MATH. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.

LOD. What was't, I pry'thee?

MATH. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years
of age,

The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphos'd nun.

LOD. But say, what was she?

MATH. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

LOD. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately
seiz'd?

Is she so fair?

MATH. And matchless beautiful;

As had you seen her 'twould have mov'd your
heart,

Though countermin'd with walls of brass, to love,
Or at the least to pity.

LOD. And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you, shall we?

MATH. I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.

LOD. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.

Farewell Mathias.

MATH. Farewell, Lodowick.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter BARABAS, with a light.

BAR. Thus like the sad presaging raven that tolls *liuian*
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak, *26*
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings; *30-31.*
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar, *32*
That hath no further comfort for his maim. *33.*
Oh thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st *34*
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night; or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this:
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts, *35.*
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL, above.

ABIG. Now have I happily espy'd a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

BAR. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure had been hid :
And now methinks that I am one of those :
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

ABIG. Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place ;
'Tis not so happy : yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream,
A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

BAR. *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era :*
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east ?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.
Who's there ?

ABIG. Who's that ?

BAR. Peace, Abigail, 'tis I.

ABIG. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

[Throws down bags.]

BAR. Hast thou't?

ABIG. Here, hast thou't?

There's more, and more, and more.

BAR. Oh, my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity ;

Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy ;

Welcome the first beginner of my bliss :

Oh, Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too,

Then my desires were fully satisfied,

But I will practice thy enlargement thence :

Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss!

[Hugs his bags.

ABIG. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,

And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake ;

To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

BAR. Farewell my joy, and by my fingers take

A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

Now Phœbus ope the eye-lids of the day,

And for the raven wake the morning lark,

That I may hover with her in the air ;

Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.

Hermoso placer el del dinero.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter GOVERNOR, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, and

KNIGHTS.

Gov. Now captain tell us whither thou art bound ?

Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road ?

And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave ?

Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound ;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I, Del Bosco is my name ;
Vice-admiral unto the catholic king.

1 KNI. 'Tis true, my lord, therefore intreat him well.

Bosc. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Africk
Moors.

For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vail'd not to the Spanish fleet,
Their creeping gallies had us in the chase :
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we left, and took, and fought at ease :
Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk ;
But one amongst the rest became our prize :
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Gov. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee ;
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us ;
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks
We may not, nay we dare not give consent
By reason of a tributary league.

1 KNI. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk ;
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Bosc. Will knights of Malta be in league with
Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold ?
My lord, remember that to Europe's shame,

The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Gov. Captain we know it, but our force is small.

Bosc. What is the sum that Calymath requires?

Gov. A hundred thousand crowns.

Bos. My lord and king hath title to this Isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence ;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold :
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

Gov. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.
Go officers and set them straight in shew.

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general ;

We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barabarous mis-believing Turks.

Bosc. So shall you imitate those you succeed :
For when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

Gov. So will we fight it out ; come, let's away :
Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire :
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd,
Honor is bought with blood and not with gold.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OFFICERS with slaves.

1 OFF. This is the Market-place, here let 'em
stand :

Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

2 OFF. Every one's price is written on his back,
And so much must they yield or not be sold.

1 OFF. Here comes the Jew, had not his goods
been seiz'd,
He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

BAR. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd ;
Such as poor villains were ne'er thought upon
Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us.)
Am I become as wealthy as I was :
They hop'd my daughter would have been a nun ;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's ;
And there in spite of Malta will I dwell :
Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have ;
Aye, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please ;
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar,
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gather'd for in our Synagogue ;
That when the offering-bason comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into it.

Here comes Don Lodowick the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way ;
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail ;
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

BAR. Now will I shew myself to have more of the
serpent
Than the dove ; that is, more knave than fool.

LOD. Yond' walks the Jew, now for fair Abigail.

BAR. Aye, aye, no doubt but she's at your command.

LOD. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

BAR. I would you were his father too, sir, that's
all the harm,
I wish you : the slave looks like a hog's cheek, new
sing'd. *[Aside.*

LOD. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas ?

BAR. No further : 'tis a custom held with us,
That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves :
For unto us the promise doth belong.

LOD. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond ?

BAR. Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds.
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn :
I mean my daughter :—— but e'er he shall have her
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood.
I have the poison of the city for him, and the

White leprosy.

[*Aside.*

LOD. What sparkle does it give without a foil?

BAR. The diamond that I talk of, ne'er was foil'd :
But when he touches it, it will be foil'd :

LORD Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

LOD. Is it square or pointed, pray let me know.

BAR. Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you.

[*Aside.*

LOD. I like it much the better.

BAR. So do I too.

LOD. How shows it by night?

BAR. Outshines Cynthia's rays :

You'll like it better far a nights than days. [*Aside.*

LOD. And what's the price?

BAR. Your life and if you have it. Oh my Lord
We will not jar about the price; come to my house
And I will give't your honour—with a vengeance.

[*Aside.*

LOD. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

BAR. Good sir, your father has deserv'd it at my
hands,

Who of mere charity and Christian truth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

LOD. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

BAR. Aye, but my lord, the harvest is far off :

And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous; and indeed do no man good: [*Aside.*
And seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection. *God!*

LOD. Good Barabas glance not at our holy nuns.

BAR. No, but I do it through a burning zeal.
Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;
For though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery. [*Aside.*
As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake.

It shall go hard but I will see your death, [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

LOD. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company. *Don't!*

BAR. Come then, here's the market place; what's
the price

Of this slave, two hundred crowns? Do the Turks
weigh so much?

OFF. Sir, that's his price.

BAR. What, can he steal that you demand so
much?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates.
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got
To keep him for his life time from the gallows.
The sessions day is critical to thieves,
And few or none 'scape but by being purg'd.

LOD. Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

1 OFF. No more, my lord.

BAR. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

OFF. Because he is young and has more qualities.

BAR. What, hast the philosopher's stone? and thou hast,

Break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

SLAVE. No sir, I can cut and shave.

BAR. Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old shaver?

SLAVE. Alas, sir, I am a very youth.

BAR. A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity,

If you do well.

SLAVE. I will serve you, sir.

BAR. Some wicked trick or other. It may be under colour

Of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods.

Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

SLAVE. Aye, passing well.

BAR. So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly;

And be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a day

Will maintain you in these chops; let me see one That's somewhat leaner.

1 OFF. Here's a leaner, how like you him?

BAR. Where wast thou born?

ITHA. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

BAR. So much the better, thou art for my turn,
An hundred crowns, I'll have him; there's the
coin.

1 OFF. Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

BAR. Aye, mark him, you were best, for this
is he

That by my help shall do much villany.

My lord farewell: Come, sirrah, you are mine.

As for the diamond it shall be yours;

I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,

All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS, and his MOTHER.

MATH. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so
private?

I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail.

BAR. Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay;
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the governor.

MOTH. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak
son.

MATH. No, this is the better, mother, view this
well.

BAR. Seem not to know me here before your
mother

Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:

When you have brought her home, come to my
house;

Think of me as thy father; son, farewell.

MATH. But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

BAR. Tush! man, we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

MOTH. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

BAR. As for the comment on the Maccabees I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

MATH. Yes, Madam, and my talk with him was About the borrowing of a book or two.

MOTH. Converse not with him, he is cast off from heaven.

Thou hast thy crowns, fellow, come let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

MATH. Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.

BAR. Marry will I, sir.

OFF. Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away:

BAR. Now let me know thy name, and there-withal

Thy birth, condition, and profession.

ITHA. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean, my name's Ithamore,

My profession what you please.

BAR. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,

And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee:

First be thou void of these affections,

Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear,

Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,

But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

ITHA. O brave master, I worship your nose for this.*

BAR. As for myself, I walk abroad a nights
And kill sick people groaning under walls :
Sometimes I go about and poison wells ;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns ;
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
Being young I studied physick, and began
To practise first upon the Italian ;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in use
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells :
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hung himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them,

* The Jew, it appears from Rowley's Search for Money, 1609, was represented on the stage with a large nose.

I have as much coin as will buy the town.

But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

ITHA. 'Faith, master, in setting Christian villages
on fire,

Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.

One time I was an ostler in an inn,

And in the night time secretly would I steal

To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:

Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,

I strewed powder on the marble stones,

And therewithal their knees would rankle so

That I have laugh'd agood to see the cripples

Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

BAR. Why this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both:

Both circumcised, we hate Christians both:

Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.

But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. Oh Barabas well met; where is the diamond
You told me of?

BAR. I have it for you, sir; please you walk in
with me:

What, ho, Abigail; open the door I say.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. In good time, father, here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

BAR. Give me the letters, daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick the governor's son
With all the courtesy you can afford;

Provided, that you keep your maiden-head.

Use him as if he were a Philistine.

Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him,

He is not of the seed of Abraham. [Aside.

I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.

Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

ABIG. For your sake and his own he's welcome
hither.

BAR. Daughter, a word more; kiss him, speak
him fair, [Aside.

And like a cunning Jew so cast about,

That ye be both made sure e'er you come out.

ABIG. Oh, father! Don Mathias is my love.

BAR. I know it: yet I say make love to him;

Do, it is requisite it should be so.

Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand,

But go you in, I'll think upon the account.

[Exeunt Abigail and Lodowick.

The account is made, for Lodowick dies.

My factor sends me word a merchant's fled

That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:

I weigh it thus much; I have wealth enough.

For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail;

And she vows love to him, and he to her:

As sure as heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,

So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:

His father was my chiefest enemy.

Whither goes Don Mathias? stay awhile.

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?

BAR. Thou know'st, and heaven can witness this
is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

MATH. Aye, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me
much.

BAR. Oh, heaven forbid I should have such a
thought.

Pardon me though I weep; the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail:
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

MATH. Does she receive them?

BAR. She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them
back,

And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window looking out,
When you should come and hale him from the door.

MATH. O treacherous Lodowick!

BAR. Even now as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.

MATH. I'll rouse him thence.

BAR. Not for all Malta, therefore sheath your
sword;

If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not;
I'll give him such a warning e'er he goes
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Enter LODOWICK, ABIGAIL.

MATH. What hand in hand, I cannot suffer this.

BAR. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

MATH. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve.

[Exit.

LOD. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

BAR. Aye, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.

LOD. My death? what is the base born peasant mad?

BAR. No, no, but hapily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.

LOD. Why, loves she Don Mathias?

BAR. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

ABIG. He has my heart, I smile against my will.

LOD. Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long.

BAR. And so has she done you, even from a child.

LOD. And now I can no longer hold my mind.

BAR. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.

LOD. This is thy diamond, tell me, shall I have it?

BAR. Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoil'd.

Oh! but I know your lordship would disdain

To marry with the daughter of a Jew:

And yet I'll give her many a golden cross

With christian posies round about the ring.

LOD. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem,
Yet crave I thy consent.

BAR. And mine you have, yet let me talk to her;
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the Passover,

Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come, [Aside.
This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

ABIG. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?

BAR. It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with hereticks;
But all are hereticks that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.
I have intreated her, and she will grant.

[To Lodowick.

LOD. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

ABIG. I cannot chuse, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

LOD. Now have I that for which my soul hath
long'd.

BAR. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.

[Aside.

ABIG. Oh wretched Abigail, what hast thou
done?

LOD. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

ABIG. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.

BAR. Stay her, but let her not speak one word
more.

LOD. Mute o' the sudden; here's a sudden
change.

BAR. Oh, muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrew's guise,
That maidens new betroth'd should weep awhile:

Trouble her not, sweet Lodowick depart :
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

LOD. Oh, is't the custom, then I am resolv'd :
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain, now I'll be reveng'd.

Enter MATHIAS.

BAR. Be quiet Lodowick, it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.

LOD. Well, let him go. *[Exit.*

BAR. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd, but not a word on't now ;
Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.

MATH. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.

BAR. No ; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessory of your deeds ;
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

MATH. For this I'll have his heart.

BAR. Do so ; lo here I give thee Abigail.

MATH. What greater gift can poor Mathias have ?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love ?
My life is not so dear as Abigail ?

BAR. My heart misgives me, that to cross your
love,
He's with your mother, therefore after him.

MATH. What, is he gone unto my mother ?

BAR. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

MATH. I cannot stay ; for if my mother come,

She'll die with grief. [Exit.

ABIG. I cannot take my leave of him for tears :
Father, why have you thus incens'd them both ?

BAR. What's that to thee ?

ABIG. I'll make 'em friends again.

BAR. You'll make 'em friends !

Are there not Jews enough in Malta.

But thou must doat upon a Christian ?

ABIG. I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.

BAR. Yes, you shall have him : go, put her in.

ITHA. Aye, I'll put her in.

BAR. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou
this ?

ITHA. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives ; is it not so ?

BAR. True ; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.

ITHA. Oh, master, that I might have a hand in
this.

BAR. Aye, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must do the
deed :

Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

ITHA. 'Tis poison'd, is it not ?

BAR. No, no, and yet it might be done that way :
It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.

ITHA. Fear not, I'll so set his heart a fire, that he
Shall verily think it comes from him.

BAR. I cannot choose but like thy readiness :
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

ITHA. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

BAR. Away then. [Exit.

So, now will I go into Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set them both at enmity. [Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter a COURTEZAN.

COURT. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold :

The time has been, that but for one bare night

A hundred ducats have been freely given :

But now against my will I must be chaste ;

And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.

From Venice, merchants, and from Padua

Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,

Scholars I mean, learned and liberal ;

And now, save Pilia-borza, comes there none,

And he is very seldom from my house ;

And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORZA.

PILIA. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

COURT. 'Tis silver, I disdain it.

PILIA. Aye, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

COURT. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

PILIA. 'Faith, walking the back lanes, through
the gardens, I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the
Jew's counting-house where I saw some bags of
money, and in the night I clamber'd up with my
hooks, and as I was taking my choice, I heard a
rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run
my way: but here's the Jew's man.

Enter ITHAMORE.

COURT. Hide the bag.

PILIA. Look not towards him, let's away:
Zoon's, what a looking thou keep'st,
Thou'lt betray us anon.

[Exeunt Courtezan and Pilia-borza.]

ITHA. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I
know she is
A courtezan by her attire: now would I give a
hundred
Of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.
Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. This is the place, now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK, reading.

LOD. 'I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.'

What, dares the villain to write in such base terms?

[They fight.]

Enter BARABAS, above.

BAR. Oh, bravely fought, and yet they thrust not home.

Now Lodowick, now Mathias, so;

So now they have shew'd themselves to be tall fellows.

WITHIN. Part 'em, part 'em.

BAR. Aye, part 'em now they are dead: Farewell, farewell.

[Exit.]

Enter GOVERNOR and MATHIAS'S MOTHER.

Gov. What sight is this? my Lodowick slain!

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

MOTHER. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

Gov. Oh! Lodowick! hadst thou perish'd by the Turk,

Wretched Ferneze might have veng'd thy death.

MOTHER. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

Gov. Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.

MOTHER. O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd enough.

Gov. Oh, that my sighs could turn to lively breath;

And these my tears to blood, that he might live.

MOTHER. Who made them enemies ?

Gov. I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

MOTHER. My son lov'd thine.

Gov. And so did Lodowick him.

MOTHER. Lend me that weapon that did kill my
son,

And it shall murder me.

Gov. Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my
son's.

And on that rather should Ferneze die.

MOTHER. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their
deaths,

That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.

Gov. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd

Within one sacred monument of stone ;

Upon which altar I will offer up

My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,

And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,

Till they, the causers of our smarts,

Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts :

Come, Katherine, our losses equal are,

Then of true grief let us take equal share. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ITHAMORE.

ITHA. Why, was there ever seen such villainy, so
neatly

Plotted, and so well perform'd? both held in hand,
and

Flatly both beguil'd.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?

ITHA. Oh, mistress, ha! ha! ha!

ABIG. Why, what ail'st thou?

ITHA. Oh, my master.

ABIG. Ha!

ITHA. Oh, mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle

Bottle-nos'd knave to my master, that ever gentleman had

ABIG. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

ITHA. Oh, my master has the bravest policy.

ABIG. Wherein?

ITHA. Why, know you not?

ABIG. Why, no.

ITHA. Know you not of Mathias, and Don Lodowick's disaster?

ABIG. No, what was it?

ITHA. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathias.

And then they met, and, as the story says, In doleful wise they ended both their days.

ABIG. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

ITHA. Am I Ithamore?

ABIG. Yes.

ITHA. So sure did your father write, and I carry
the challenge.

ABIG. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this,
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

ITHA. I pray, mistress, will you answer me but
one question?

ABIG. Well, sirrah, what is't?

ITHA. A very feeling one; have not the nuns fine
sport

With the friars now and then?

ABIG. Go to, sirrah, sauce, is this your question?
get ye gone.

ITHA. I will, forsooth, mistress. [Exit.]

ABIG. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas,
Was this the pursuit of thy policy?
To make me show them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'dst not Lodowick for his sin,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the Prior dispossess'd thee once,
And could'st not 'venge it, but upon his son,
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;
Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me.
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, or piety in Turks.
But here comes cursed Ithamore, with the friar.

Enter ITHAMORE and FRIAR.

FRI. *Virgo, salve.*

ITHA. When duck you?

ABIG. Welcome, grave friar; Ithamore begone.

[Exit Ithamore.]

Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

FRI. Wherein?

ABIG. To get me be admitted for a nun.

FRI. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

ABIG. Then were my thoughts so frail and un-
confirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the Son that gives eternal life.

FRI. Who taught thee this?

ABIG. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy of that sisterhood.

FRI. Abigail, I will, but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

ABIG. That was my father's fault.

FRI. Thy father's! how?

ABIG. Nay, you shall pardon me: oh, Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,

Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.

FRI. Come, shall we go?

ABIG. My duty waits on you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.

BAR. What, Abigail become a nun again?

False and unkind; what, hast thou lost thy father?

And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me,

Art thou again got to the nunnery?

Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.

Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth this?

I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device

In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths:

If so, 'tis time that it be seen into:

For she that varies from me in belief,

Gives great presumption that she loves me not;

Or loving, doth dislike of something done.

But who comes here? Oh, Ithamore, come near;

Come near, my love; come near, thy master's life,

My trusty servant, nay, my second life;

For I have now no hope but even in thee:

And on that hope my happiness is built:

When saw'st thou Abigail?

ITHA. To day.

BAR. With whom?

ITHA. A friar.

BAR. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

ITHA. How, sir?

BAR. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

ITHA. That's no lie, for she sent me for him.

BAR. Oh, unhappy day!

False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!

But let 'em go: And, Ithamore, from hence

Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;

Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,

Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,

But perish underneath my bitter curse,

Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.

ITHA. Oh, master!

BAR. Ithamore, intreat not for her, I am mov'd,

And she is hateful to my soul and me:

And least thou yield to this that I intreat,

I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

ITHA. Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some
rock and throw myself headlong into the sea; why,
I'll do any thing for your sweet sake.

BAR. Oh trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my
friend;

I here adopt thee for mine only heir,

All that I have is thine when I am dead,

And whilst I live use half: spend as myself;

Here take my keys, I'll give 'em thee anon:

Go buy thee garments: but thou shalt not want:

Only know this, that thus thou art to do:

But first go fetch me in the pot of rice

That for our supper stands upon the fire.

ITHA. I hold my head my master's hungry: I go,
sir. [Exit.

BAR. Thus every villain ambles after wealth

Although he ne'er be richer than in hope :
But hush 't.

Enter ITHAMORE, with the pot.

ITHA. Here 'tis, master.

BAR. Well said, Ithamore ; what, hast thou
brought

The ladle with thee too ?

ITHA. Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats with
the devil had need of a long spoon ; I have brought
you a ladle.

BAR. Very well, Ithamore, then now be secret ;
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

ITHA. Why, master, will you poison her with a
mess of rice porridge, that will preserve life, make
her round and plump, and batten more than you
are aware.

BAR. Aye, but Ithamore seest thou this ?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian, in Ancona, once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply : yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

ITHA. How, master ?

BAR. Thus, Ithamore :
This even they use in Malta here, 'tis call'd
Saint Jaques' Even, and then I say they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries :
Among the rest bear this, and set it there ;

There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make enquiry who hath sent it them.

ITHA. How so?

BAR. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot:
Stay, let me spice it first.

ITHA. Pray do, and let me help you master. Pray
let me taste first.

BAR. Pry'thee do: what say'st thou now?

ITHA. Troth, master, I'm loth such a pot of pottage
should be spoil'd.

BAR. Peace, Ithamore, 'tis better so than spar'd.
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye.
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

ITHA. Well, master, I go.

BAR. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore,
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire, the pope, was poison'd.
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane;
The juice of Hebon, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom; and in this
Vomit your venom, and invenom her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus.

ITHA. What a blessing has he giv'n't! was ever
pot of rice porridge so sauc'd! What shall I do with
it?

BAR. Oh, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

ITHA. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable
of Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the nuns with a
powder.

BAR. And the horse pestilence to boot; away.

ITHA. I am gone.

Pay me my wages for my work is done. [Exit.

BAR. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore.

[Exit.

Enter GOVERNOR, DEL BOSCO, KNIGHTS, BASHAW.

Gov. Welcome, great Bashaw; how fares Calymath,

What wind drives you thus into Malta Road?

BASH. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

Gov. Desire of gold, great sir?

That's to be gotten in the Western Ind:

In Malta are no golden minerals.

BASH. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:

The time you took for respite, is at hand,

For the performance of your promise past;

And for the tribute-money I am sent.

Gov. Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,

Nor shall the Heathens live upon our spoil:

First will we raze the city walls ourselves,

Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,

And shipping off our goods to Sicily,

Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,

Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluxence.

BASH. Well, governor, since thou hast broke the
league

By flat denial of the promis'd tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city walls,
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness
For these intolerable wrongs of yours ;
And so farewell.

Gov. Farewell :

And now you men of Malta look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath :
Close your port-cullis, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them ;
For by this answer, broken is the league,
And nought is to be look'd for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter two FRIARS.

1 FRI. Oh, brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physick will not help them ; they must die.

2 FRI. The abbess sent for me to be confess'd :
Oh, what a sad confession will there be !

1 FRI. And so did fair Maria send for me :

I'll to her lodging ; hereabouts she lies. *[Exit.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

2 FRI. What, all dead, save only Abigail ?

ABIG. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the Friar that convers'd with me ?

2 FRI. Oh, he is gone to see the other nuns.

ABIG. I sent for him, but seeing you are come,
Be you my ghostly father ; and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins,
But e'er I came——

2 FRI. What then ?

ABIG. I did offend high heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins :
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick ?

2 FRI. Yes, what of them ?

ABIG. My father did contract me to 'em both :
First to Don Lodowick, him I never lov'd ;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

2 FRI. So, say how was their end ?

ABIG. Both jealous of my love, envied each other
And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

2 FRI. Oh monstrous villainy !

ABIG. To work my peace, this I confess to thee ;
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

2 FRI. Know that confession must not be reveal'd,
The canon law forbids it, and the priest

That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

ABIG. So I have heard; pray therefore keep it
close,

Death seizeth on my heart, ah gentle Friar!
Convert my father that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian. *[Dies.*

2 FRI. Aye, and a virgin too, that grieves me most:
But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter one FRIAR.

1 FRI. Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead, let's
bury them.

2 FRI. First help to bury this, then go with me
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1 FRI. Why? what has he done?

2 FRI. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

1 FRI. What has he crucified a child?

2 FRI. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in
shrift,

Thou know'st 'tis death, and if it be reveal'd.

Come let's away. *[Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE. Bells within.

BAR. There is no musick like* a Christian's knell :
How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans ?
I was afraid the poison had not wrought ;
Or though it wrought, it would have done no good,
For every year they swell, and yet they live ;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

ITHA. That's brave, master, but think you it will
not be known ?

BAR. How can it, if we two be secret ?

ITHA. For my part fear you not.

BAR. I'd cut thy throat if I did,

ITHA. And reason too ; but here's a royal monastery
hard by, good master let me poison all the Monks.

BAR. Thou shalt not need, for now the nuns are
dead,
They'll die with grief.

ITHA. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death ?

BAR. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
Catho diabolo.

Enter the two FRIARS.

ITHA. Look, look, master, here come two religious
caterpillars.

* *like* is here substituted for *to* in the old edition.

BAR. I smelt 'em ere they came.

ITHA. God-a-mercy nose; come let's begone.

2 FRI. Stay, wicked Jew, repent, I say, and stay.

1 FRI. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

BAR. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

ITHA. And so do I, master, therefore speak 'em fair.

2 FRI. Thou hast——

1 FRI. Aye, that thou hast——

BAR. True, I have money, what though I have?

2 FRI. Thou art a——

1 FRI. Aye, that thou art a——

BAR. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

2 FRI. Thy daughter——

1 FRI. Aye, thy daughter,——

BAR. Oh speak not of her, then I die with grief.

2 FRI. Remember that——

1 FRI. Aye, remember that——

BAR. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

2 FRI. Thou hast committed——

BAR. Fornication, but that was in another country:
And besides, the wench is dead.

2 FRI. Aye, but Barabas remember Mathias and
Don Lodowick.

BAR. Why, what of them?

2 FRI. I will not say that by a forged challenge
they met.

BAR. She has confest, and we are both undone;
My bosom inmates! (but I must dissemble.) [*Aside.*

O holy Friars, the burthen of my sins
Lies heavy on my soul ; then pray you, tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian ?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en ;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta ; but what is wealth ?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.
Would penance serve for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death.

ITHA. And so could I ; but penance will not
serve.

BAR. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem,
Cellars of wine ; and sollars full of wheat,
Warehouses stuf't with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,
Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house ;
At Alexandria, merchandize unsold :
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
Have I debts owing ; and in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco ;
All this I'll give to some religious house
So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.

1 FRI. Oh good Barabas come to our house.

2 FRI. Oh no, good Barabas, come to our house;
And Barabas, you know—

BAR. I know that I have highly sinn'd,
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.

1 FRI. Oh Barabas, their laws are strict.

BAR. I know they are, and I will be with you.

2 FRI. They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot
too.

BAR. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolv'd
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

1 FRI. Good Barabas come to me.

BAR. You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

2. FRI. I'll be with you to night.

BAR. Come to my house at one o'clock this
night.

1 FRI. You hear your answer, and you may be
gone.

2 FRI. Why, go get you away.

1 FRI. I will not go for thee.

2 FRI. Not, then I'll make thee go.

1 FRI. How, dost call me rogue? [*They fight.*

ITHA. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

BAR. This is mere frailty, brethren, be content.
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore.

ITHA. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he go to thy house, let him begone.

BAR. I'll give him something and so stop his
mouth. [*Exit Ithamore, with the friar.*

I never heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Jacobins :
But do you think that I believe his words ?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail ;
And I am bound in charity to requite it,
And so I will. Oh Jacomo, fail not but come.

FRI. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers,
For presently you shall be shriv'd.

BAR. Marry the Turk shall be one of my god-
fathers,
But not a word to any of your convent.

FRI. I warrant thee, Barabas. [Exit.

BAR. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe :
For he that shriv'd her is within my house,
What if I murder'd him e'er Jacomo comes ?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like :
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die ;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.
But are not both these wise men to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt ; I'll none of that.
Now Friar Barnardine I come to you,
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And after that, I and my trusty Turk—
No more but so : it must and shall be done. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE.

BAR. Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

ITHA. Yes; and I know not what the reason is.
Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes;
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

BAR. No, 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?

ITHA. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so
loud.

BAR. Why true, therefore did I place him there:
The other chambers open towards the street.

ITHA. You loiter, master, wherefore stay me thus?
Oh how I long to see him shake his heels.

BAR. Come on, sirrah,
Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose;
Friar awake.

FRI. What do you mean to strangle me?

ITHA. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

BAR. Blame not us but the proverb, confess and
be hang'd pull hard.

FRI. What, will you have my life?

BAR. Pull hard, I say, you would have had my
goods.

ITHA. Aye, and our lives too, therefore pull
amain.

'Tis neatly done, sir, here's no print at all.

BAR. Then it is as it should be, take him up.

ITHA. Nay, master be rul'd by me a little ; so, let him lean upon his staff ; excellent, he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

BAR. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd ? What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore ?

ITHA. Towards one.

BAR. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter JACOMO.

JACO. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed ;
O happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury.
But soft, is not this Barnardine ? it is ;
And understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew ; Barnardine !
Wilt thou not speak ? thou think'st I see thee not ;
Away ! I'd wish thee, and let me go by :
No, wilt thou not ? nay then I'll force my way ;
And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose :
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

[*Strikes him, and he falls.*]

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE.

BAR. Why, how now Jacomo, what hast thou done ?

JACO. Why stricken him that would have struck
at me.

BAR. Who is it ?

Barnardine ? now out, alas, he's slain.

ITHA. Aye, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's nose.

JACO. Good sirs I have done't, but nobody knows it but you two—I may escape.

BAR. So might my man and I hang with you for company.

ITHA. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

JACO. Good Barabas, let me go.

BAR. No, pardon me, the law must have its course.

I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sat: now I to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early; with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stay'd.

ITHA. Fie upon 'em, master, will you turn Christian, when

Holy friars turn devils and murder one another.

BAR. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me; what! a friar a murderer?
When shall you see a Jew commit it the like?

ITHA. Why a Turk could have done no more.

BAR. To morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.
Come Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

JACO. Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

BAR. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we:

'Las I could weep at your calamity.
Take in the staff too, for that must be shown :
Law wills that each particular be known. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter COURTEZAN, and PILIA-BORSA.

COURT. Pilia-borsa, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

PILIA. I did.

COURT. And didst thou deliver my letter?

PILIA. I did.

COURT. And what think'st thou, will he come?

PILIA. I think so, and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of the letter, he look'd like a man of another world.

COURT. Why so?

PILIA. That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

COURT. And what said he?

PILIA. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, is it even so; and so I left him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

COURT. And where didst meet him?

PILIA. Upon mine own free-hold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman: but the exercise being done, see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

ITHA. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this Friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve; well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: And, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with mustachios like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house; I wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself: for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone, I am not worthy to look upon her.

PILIA. This is the gentleman you writ to.

ITHA. Gentleman, he flouts me, what gentry can be in a poor Turk of ten pence? I'll be gone.

COURT. Is't not a sweet fac'd youth, Pilia?

ITHA. Again, sweet youth; did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

PILIA. I did sir, and from this gentlewoman, who as myself, and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

COURT. Though woman's modesty should hale me

back, I can withhold no longer; welcome sweet love.

ITHA. Now am I clean, or rather foully out of the way.

COURT. Whither so soon?

ITHA. I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome: Pray pardon me, I must go see a ship discharg'd.

COURT. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

PILIA. And ye did but know how she loves you, sir.

ITHA. Nay, I care not how much she loves me; Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake:

PILIA. And you can have it, sir, and if you please.

ITHA. If 'twere above ground I could, and would have it; but he hides and buries it up as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

PILIA. And is't not possible to find it out?

ITHA. By no means possible.

COURT. What shall we do with this base villain then?

[*Aside to Pilia Borsa.*]

PILIA. Let me alone, do but you speak him fair: But you know some secrets of the Jew, which,

[*Aside to her.*]

If they were reveal'd would do him harm.

ITHA. Aye, and such as—Go to, no more, I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he 'scapes so too.

Pen and ink!

I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

PILIA. Send for a hundred crowns at least.

[*He writes.*

ITHA. Ten hundred thousand crowns,—master
Barabas.

PILIA. Write not so submissively, but threat'ning
him.

ITHA. Sirrah, Barabas, send me a hundred
crowns.

PILIA. Put in two hundred at least.

ITHA. I charge thee send me three hundred by
this bearer, and this shall be your warrant; if you
do not, no more, but so.

PILIA. Tell him you will confess.

ITHA. Otherwise I'll confess all—vanish and return
in a twinkle.

PILIA. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

ITHA. Hang him, Jew.

COURT. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.
Where are my maids? provide a running banquet;
Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks,
Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?

ITHA. And bid the jeweller come hither too.

COURT. I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

ITHA. Content, but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece,
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world:
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,

I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen.
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar canes :
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love.

COURT. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore ?

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

ITHA. How now! hast thou the gold?

PILIA. Yes.

ITHA. But came it freely? did the cow give down
her milk freely?

PILIA. At reading of the letter, he star'd and
stamp'd, and turn'd aside, I took him by the beard,
and look'd upon him thus; told him he were best to
send it: then he hugg'd and embrac'd me.

ITHA. Rather for fear than love.

PILIA. Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd and jeer'd,
and told me he lov'd me for your sake, and said
what a faithful servant you had been.

ITHA. The more villain he to keep me thus:
Here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

PILIA. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

ITHA. But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey
groat. Give me a ream of paper, we'll have a
kingdom of gold for't.

PILIA. Write for five hundred crowns.

ITHA. Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life send me
five hundred crowns, and give the bearer one hun-
dred. Tell him I must have't.

PILIA. I warrant your worship shall have't.

ITHA. And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him, I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

PILIA. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone.

[*Exit.*

ITHA. Take thou the money, spend it for my sake.

COURT. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh :
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold ;

But thus of thee.— [Kisses him.

ITHA. That kiss again ; she runs division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me ? It twinkles like a star.

COURT. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

ITHA. Oh, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake.

COURT. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.

BAR. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns."

Plain Barabas : oh, that wicked courtezan !

He was not wont to call me Barabas.

"Or else I will confess : " Aye, there it goes :

But if I get him, *coupe le gorge*, for that

He sent a shaggy totter'd* staring slave,

That when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,

* totter'd---tattered.

And winds it twice or thrice about his ear ;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords,
His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off ;
Grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employ'd in cotzerie,*
And crosbiting;† such a rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores :
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still ;
And when he comes : Oh, that he were but here.

Enter PILIA-BORSA.

PILIA. Jew, I must have more gold.

BAR. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale ?

PILIA. No ; but three hundred will not serve his
turn.

BAR. Not serve his turn, sir ?

PILIA. No, sir ; and, therefore, I must have five
hundred more.

BAR. I'll rather——

PILIA. Oh, good words, sir, and send it you were
best ; see, there's his letter.

BAR. Might he not as well come as send ; pray,
bid him come and fetch it, what he writes for you ye
shall have straight.

PILIA. Aye, and the rest too, or else——

BAR. I must make this villain away : please you

* Cotzerie---roguery, from Cotzo, which is frequently used in
our Old Plays for a rogue, or cheat ; and borrowed, as is sup-
posed, from the Italian.

† Crosbiting---cheating, swindling.

dine with me, sir, and you shall be most heartily
poison'd. [Aside.

PILIA. No, God-a-mercy, shall I have these crowns?

BAR. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

PILIA. Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

BAR. Or climb up to my counting-house window:
You know my meaning.

PILIA. I know enough, and therefore talk not to
me of your counting-house. The gold, or know,
Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

BAR. I am betray'd.

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
I am not mov'd at that: this angers me,
That he who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child, and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

PILIA. Here's many words, but no crowns: the
crowns.

BAR. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

PILIA. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

BAR. Sir, here they are.

Oh, that I should part with so much gold!

Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will——

As I would see thee hang'd; oh, love stops my breath:
Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore.

PILIA. I know it, sir.

BAR. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

PILIA. Soon enough to your cost, sir,

Fare you well. [Exit.

BAR. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou
com'st.

Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come,—
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?
Well: I must seek a means to rid 'em all,
And presently; for in his villainy
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for it.
I have it.

I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [Exit.

Enter COURTEZAN, ITHAMORE, and PILIA-BORSA.

COURT. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink
it off.

ITHA. Say'st thou me so? have at it; and do you
hear?

COURT. Go to, it shall be so.

ITHA. Of that condition I will drink it up; here's
to thee.

PILIA. Nay, I'll have all or none.

ITHA. There, if thou lov'st me do not leave a drop.

COURT. Love thee, fill me three glasses.

ITHA. Three and fifty dozen, I'll pledge thee.

PILIA. Knavely spoke, and like a knight at arms.

ITHA. Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*,* a man's a man.

* *Rivo Castiliano*. A Bacchanalian exclamation, about the origin of which there is some obscurity. *Rivo* sometimes occurs alone, and they are both used in the Comedy of *Looke about you*.

“And *Rivo* will he cry and *Castile* too.”

COURT. Now to the Jew.

ITHA. Ha! to the Jew, and send me money you were best.

PILIA. What would'st thou do if he should send thee none?

ITHA. Do nothing; but I know what I know, He's a murderer.

COURT. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

ITHA. You knew Mathias and the Governor's son; he and

I kill'd 'em both, and yet never touch'd 'em.

PILIA. Oh, bravely done.

ITHA. I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he

And I snicle hand too fast,* strangled a friar.

COURT. You two alone.

ITHA. We two, and 'twas never known, nor never shall

Be for me.

PILIA. This shall with me unto the governor.

[*Aside.*

COURT. And fit it should; but first let's have more gold.

* *And he and I snicle hand too fast.* This phrase is obscure. To snicle is still used in the North of England for a mode of catching hares, by means of a noose, placed in hedges, &c. *Snicle hand*, may probably be a misprint for snicling, in which case the sense would be "he and I snicling too fast;" that is, pulling the noose too fast, or tight, strangled a friar.

Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

ITHA. Love me little, love me long; let musick
rumble,

Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS, with a lute, disguis'd.

COURT. A French musician; come, let's have
your skill?

BAR. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang,
first.

ITHA. Wilt drink Frenchman? here's to thee with
a——

Pox on this drunken hiccup.

BAR. Gramercy, monsieur.

COURT. Pr'ythee, Pilia-borsa, bid the fiddler give
me

25 The posy in his hat there.

PILIA. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy

BAR. *A votre commandment, madame.*

COURT. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers
smell.

ITHA. Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like
'em.

PILIA. Foh! methinks they stink like a hollyhock.

BAR. So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all.

The scent thereof was death, I poison'd it. [*Aside.*

ITHA. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into
chitterlings.

BAR. *Pardonnez moi*, be no in tune yet; so now,
now all be in.

ITHA. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

PILIA. There's two crowns for thee, play.

BAR. How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold. [Aside.

PILIA. Methinks he fingers very well.

BAR. So did you when you stole my gold. [Aside.

PILIA. How swift he runs.

BAR. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window. [Aside.

COURT. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

BAR. Two, three, four month, madam.

ITHA. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

BAR. Very mush; monsieur, you no be his man?

PILIA. His man?

ITHA. I scorn the peasant: tell him so.

BAR. He knows it already.

ITHA. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon

Pickled grasshoppers, and sauc'd mushrooms.

BAR. What a slave's this? the governor feeds not as I do. [Aside.

ITHA. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcis'd.

BAR. Oh, rascal! I change myself twice a day.

[Aside.

ITHA. The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hang'd himself.

BAR. 'Twas sent me for a present from the great Cham. [Aside.

PILIA. A nasty slave he is; whither now, fiddler?

BAR. *Pardonnez moi, monsieur, me be no well.*

[*Exit.*

PILIA. Farewell, fiddler: one letter more to the Jew.

COURT. Pr'ythee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

ITHA. No, I'll send by word of mouth now; bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token, that the nuns lov'd rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes; any of 'em will do it.

PILIA. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

ITHA. The meaning has a meaning; come let's in: To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, and MARTIN DEL Bosco.

Gov. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

KNIGHTS. And die he shall, for we will never yield.

Enter COURTEZAN and PILIA-BORSA.

COURT. Oh, bring us to the governor.

Gov. Away with her, she is a courtezan.

COURT. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me
speak ;

I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain :

Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

PILIA. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,

Poison'd his own daughter and the nuns,

Strangled a friar, and I know not what

Mischief beside.

Gov. Had we but proof of this——

COURT. Strong proof, my lord ; his man's now at
my lodging,

That was his agent, he'll confess it all.

Gov. Go fetch him straight ; I always fear'd that
Jew.

Enter BARABAS and ITHAMORE.

BAR. I'll go alone ; dogs, do not hale me thus.

ITHA. Nor me neither, I cannot out-run you, constable : oh, my belly.

BAR. One dram of powder more had made all
sure ;

What a damn'd slave was I !

Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be
fetch'd.

KNIGHTS. Nay, stay, my lord, 't may be he will
confess ?

BAR. Confess! what mean you, lords, who should confess?

Gov. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

ITHA. Guilty, my lord, I confess: your son and Mathias

Were both contracted unto Abigail;

He forg'd a counterfeit challenge.

BAR. Who carried that challenge?

ITHA. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it? Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poison'd the nuns, and his own daughter.

Gov. Away with him, his sight is death to me.

BAR. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak:

She is a courtezan, and he a thief,

And he my bondman. Let me have law,

For none of this can prejudice my life.

Gov. Once more away with him; you shall have law.

BAR. Devils do your worst, I live in spite of you.

As these have spoke so be it to their souls:

I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon. [Exit.

Enter the MOTHER of MATHIAS.

MOTHER. Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew? Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murder'd him.

Gov. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he, He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

MOTHER. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

Enter OFFICER.

OFF. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead:

So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.

Gov. Dead?

OFF. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Gov. Wonder not at it, sir, the heavens are just. Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em;

Since they are dead, let them be buried.

For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,

To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.

So, now away and fortify the town. [*Exeunt.*

BAR. What, all alone? well fare, sleepy drink.

I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town;

For by my means Calymath shall enter in.

I'll help to slay their children and their wives,

To fire the churches, pull their houses down,

Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands:

I hope to see the governor a slave,

And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, BASHAWS, and TURKS.

CALY. Whom have we there, a spy?

BAR. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place Where you may enter, and surprize the town:

My name is Barabas; I am the Jew.

CALY. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold

For tribute-money?

BAR. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hir'd a slave, my
man,

To accuse me of a thousand villainies:
I was imprison'd, but escap'd their hands.

CALY. Didst break prison?

BAR. No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

CALY. 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make Malta ours?

BAR. Fear not, my lord, for here against the
truce,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city.
Now whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i'the middle of the town,
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own.

CALY. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.

BAR. And if it be not true, then let me die.

CALY. Thou'st doom'd thyself. Assault it pre-
sently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Alarms. Enter TURKS, BARABAS, GOVERNOR,
and KNIGHTS prisoners.*

CALY. Now vail your pride you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe :
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain ?
Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better
To kept thy promise than be thus surpris'd ?

Gov. What should I say, we are captives and
must yield.

CALY. Aye, villains, you must yield, and under
Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burthen of our ire ;
And Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor ;
Use them at thy discretion.

BAR. Thanks, my lord.

Gov. Oh fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew !
What greater misery could heaven inflict ?

CALY. 'Tis our command : and Barabas, we give
To guard thy person, these our janizaries :
Intreat them well, as we have used thee.
And now, brave bashaws, come, we'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wreck we made :
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell great Barabas ! [*Exeunt.*

BAR. May all good fortune follow Calymath.
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these

Captains, his consorts and confederates.

Gov. Oh villain, heaven will be reveng'd on thee.

[*Exeunt.*

BAR. Away, no more, let him not trouble me.
Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority,
I now am governor of Malta; true,
But Malta hates me, and in hating me
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into;
And since by wrong thou got'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy.
At least unprofitably lose it not:
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind,
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.
Within here.

Enter GOVERNOR, with a guard.

Gov. My lord?

BAR. Aye, lord, thus slaves will learn.

Now governor stand by there, wait within,
This is the reason that I sent for thee;

Thou seest thy life, and Malta's happiness,
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What thinkst thou shall become of it and thee?

Gov. This; Barabas, since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wreck,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty,
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

BAR. Governor, good words, be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can avail me ought,
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not:
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith, as once you said, within this isle
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot:
For as a friend not known, but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta now remediless.

Gov. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

BAR. What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut

His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with fire ?
What will you give him that procureth this ?

Gov. Do but bring this to pass which thou
pretendest,

Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens;
And by my letters privately procure
Great sums of money for thy recompence :
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

BAR. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free ;
Governor, I enlarge thee, live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends :
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make ;
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free :
And thus we cast it : To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

Gov. Here is my hand, believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest ;
When is the time ?

BAR. Governor, presently.
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave and sail toward Ottoman.

Gov. Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

BAR. Do so, but fail not ; now farewell Ferneze :

And thus far roundly goes the business :
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy ;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,
Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead ;
And reason too, for Christians do the like :
Well, now about effecting this device :
First to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done,
My policy detests prevention :
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know ; and they shall witness with their lives. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter CALYMATH and BASHAWS.

CALY. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the
sack,
And caus'd the ruins to be new repair'd,
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisk,
We rent in sunder at our entry :
And now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquer'd island stands
Inviron'd with the Mediterranean sea,
Strong countermin'd with other petty isles ;
And toward Calabria back'd by Sicily,
Where Syracusan Dionysius reign'd ;
Two lofty turrets that command the town ;
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus ?

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath ;
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

CALY. To banquet with him in his citadel ?
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome :
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us.

MESS. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month ;
Therefore he humbly would intreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

CALY. I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.

MESS. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the town :
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,
With all thy bashaws and brave followers.

CALY. Well, tell the governor we grant his suit,
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

MESS. I shall, my lord,

[Exit.

CALY. And now, bold bashaws, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best
To solemnize our governor's great feast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter GOVERNOR, KNIGHTS, DEL-BOSCO.

Gov. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me,
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For haply I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude.

KNIGHT. Rather than thus to live as Turkish
thralls.

What will we not adventure?

Gov. On then, begone.

KNIGHT. Farewell, grave governor!

Enter BARABAS, with a hammer, above, very busy.

BAR. How stand the cords? How hang these
hinges, fast?

Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

SERV. All fast.

BAR. Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.
Why now I see that you have art indeed.
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you:
Go swill in bowls of sack and muscadine!
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

CARP. We shall, my lord, and thank you :

[*Exeunt.*]

BAR. And if you like them, drink your fill and die:
For so I live, perish may all the world.
Now Selim Calymath return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.
Now sirrah, what, will he come ?

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. He will ; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta streets,
That thou mayest feast them in thy citadel.

BAR. Then now are all things as my wish would
have 'em,
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf,
And see, he brings it : Now, governor, the sum.

Enter GOVERNOR.

Gov. With free consent, a hundred thousand
pounds.

BAR. Pounds say'st thou, governor, well, since it
is no more
I'll satisfy myself with that ; nay, keep it still,
For if I keep not promise, trust not me.
And governor, now partake my policy :
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the monastery, and underneath
In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,

Whence none can possibly escape alive :
Now as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made dainty gallery,
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder ; so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,
And with his bashaws shall be blithely set,
A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house ; say, will not this be brave ?

Gov. Oh excellent ! here, hold thee, Barabas,
I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

BAR. No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first,
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come : why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit ?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
If greater falsehood ever has been done,

Enter CALYMATH and BASHAWS.

CALY. Come, my companion bashaws, see I pray
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery ;
Let us salute him. Save thee, Barabas !

BAR. Welcome great Calymath !

Gov. How the slave jeers at him ?

BAR. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs ?

CALY. Aye, Barabas, come bashaws, attend.

Gov. Stay, Calymath !
For I will shew thee greater courtesy
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

KNIGHT. Sound a charge there !

[A charge, the cable cut, a caldron discovered.]

CALY. How now, what means this !

BAR. Help, help me, Christians, help.

Gov. See Calymath, this was devis'd for thee.

CALY. Treason ! treason ! bashaws, fly !

Gov. No, Selim, do not fly ;
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.

BAR. Oh help me, Selim, help me, Christians !
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless ?

Gov. Should I in pity of thy complaints or thee,
Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent ?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.

BAR. You will not help me then ?

Gov. No, villain, no.

BAR. And villains, know you cannot help me now.
Then Barabas breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution :
Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son ;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet :
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow,
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels ;
But now begins the extremity of heat

To pinch me' with intolerable pangs :
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die ! [*Dies.*

CALY. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this
portend ?

Gov. This train he laid to have intrapp'd thy life ;
Now Selim note the unhallowed deeds of Jews :
Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

CALY. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us ?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

Gov. Nay, Selim, stay, for since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,
For with thy gallies couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

CALY. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there by this.

Gov. Why heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a
charge ?

CALY. Yes, what of that ?

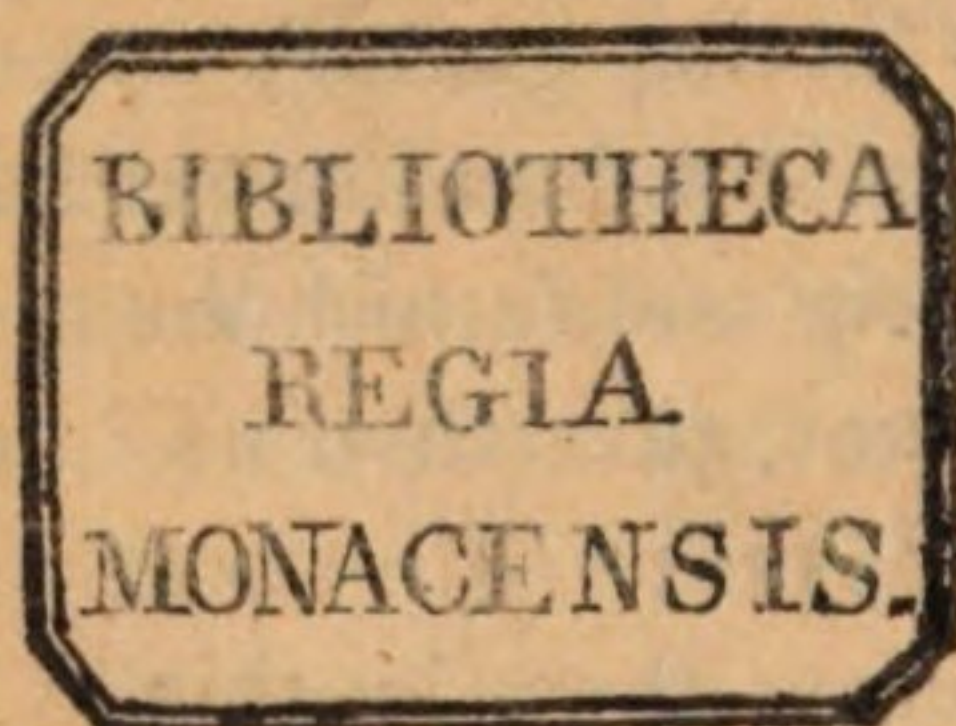
Gov. Why then the house was fir'd,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

CALY. Oh monstrous treason !

Gov. A Jew's courtesy :
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us :
Know therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part: for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

CALY. Nay rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to mediate your peace ;
To keep me here will nought advantage you.

Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner ; for come all the world
To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So march away, and let due praise be given
Neither to fate nor fortune, but to heaven. [*Exeunt.*]



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